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English Volunteers at Havre.

All who wish well to international concord cannot but approve of visits like that which numbers of our volunteers have just paid to France for the purpose of taking part in the rifle competitions at Havre. The cordial friendship at present subsisting between Britain and Belgium has been largely promoted by the interchange of a similar kind of visits, and it is desirable for various reasons that the same means should be resorted to with the laudable design of keeping on good neighbourly terms with France.

Work and play combined must have made the week pass pleasantly for those volunteers who crossed the Channel. The Société, by expending £4000 upon the ranges and accommodation at the rifle ground, showed their earnest wish to have everything connected with the shooting arrangements *en règle*, and the local authorities and citizens exhibited equal zeal in providing a series of fêtes and entertainments in honour of their visitors. The illustration on our first page indicates how agreeably the rifle-bearing representatives of the two countries could fraternise. It is quite possible the fortunes of the game. The one who, with a triumphant look, is putting down an ace, has evidently given a poser to the other, while the third boy, kneeling behind the logs, seems chuckling over the coming discomfiture of the latter. The pipe, which the fourth lad, blowing a cloud from his mouth, is holding in his fingers, belongs to the quartett as common property, and goes its rounds until the tobacco is reduced to "dottle," otherwise dust and ashes. The fact of the faces of the naughty boys betraying no consciousness that they are overlooked imparts all the more zest and character to the illustration.

May Time.

About the illustration called "Summer Time," there is a warmth and breadth suggestive of the delightful season. One of the ladies in the foreground cannot resist the temptation to break a blooming spray, and she puts forth her hand with an irresistible impluse, akin to that of Eve when she plucked the forbidden fruit. The second lady and the little girl look quite comfortable seated at their ease on the

Terrible Crime.

The Boston *Globe* reports the following: A murder, which, considered in view of all its horrible attending circumstances, perhaps surpasses in cold-blooded atrocity any deed of its nature ever recorded, came to light by the discovery of the body of the victim on the beach of Dorchester Bay, midway between South Boston and Savin-hill. The murdered person was a boy, four and one-half years old, named Horace H. Miller. The first intimation which the authorities had of the affair was when a deaf-mute boy of about fourteen years came up to Officer Lyons of Station IX., drawing his hand across his throat and mysteriously pointing in the direction of the place mentioned.

The officer hardly knew what to make of the boy's motions, but finally concluded to follow him, and presently came upon the explanation, the corpse of a then unknown child lying within a circle of stones piled up for a clam bake. The throat was cut from ear to ear, an ugly stab had completely put out the left eye, a deep wound had severed the jugular vein, and subsequent investigation exposed the horrible fact that eighteen stabs, forming a circle of about three inches diameter about the breast, had been made with some instrument like an awl, or a remarkably slender knife blade, and that, with a view to severing an artery, a stab had been inflicted, penetrating the groin to considerable depth. The deaf mute had been playing about the swamp and beach, and, having discovered the body, had hastened to inform the first officer whom he should meet.

The body was at once taken to Station IX. The first fact ascertained was that the boy's name was as above. Information had been given that Horace H. Miller was missing. The description given of him coincided exactly with the appearance of the murdered child. The size, age, colours of hair and eyes and dress were exactly alike, and, when the coroner waited upon the bereaved parents and gave a minuter description than had previously been given, the fact was clear. The boy had not been seen since 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time he was at play with his mates at the corner of Dorchester and Eighth-streets. He did not come home to dinner, and, as the hours went by without his making an appearance, his parents became more and more alarmed, and were preparing to fear the worst when the awful tidings reached them.

This much ascertained, of course the next question had to do with the murderer. Here there was nothing to guide the inquirer except mere guesswork. It seemed to be the impression among the detectives that no person of sane mind could have committed the murder, so inhumanly cruel, so unnecessary to the execution of any ordinary intent were those horrid mutilations. Some one recollected a horrible tragedy enacted about two years ago, when an East Boston boy was enticed from his home and taken to the seclusion of Powder Horn-hill, where he was found tied fast to a tree and cut and stabbed so terribly that, after the most excruciating suffering, he died within a very short time. The fiend who perpetrated this diabolical deed was a boy named Pomeroy, who was tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years at Westboro. The similarity of the two murders was so great that it seemed almost a logical conclusion that they were the work of one and the same hand.

Later accounts state that the developments in the case to point conclusively to Pomeroy as the guilty person. The visit to the undertaker's where lie the remains of the victim, by the detectives and Pomeroy, was the means of giving to the officers what they looked upon as a confession of the awful crime by Pomeroy, from the remarks made there; but, in fact, the lad has not made any detailed confession, and has in effect declined so to do. He objected very strongly to going to the undertaker's to see the body of the child. He was told by the officers that they only wanted him to see if he knew the dead boy; but he said, "Oh yes, I know him; I don't want to see him." When he was taken into the front room of the undertaker's establishment, which was separated from a back room in which laid the remains by a glass partition, he trembled perceptibly. He was then urged to go into the further room "just a minute," but he grew weak in voice and limb, and said "Oh, no! I don't want to go in; I can see him now." He was finally induced to enter, but averted his head as he passed the door and did not gaze upon the corpse until brought up directly thereto and until his head was forcibly turned in the direction of the remains, which lie with the gory wounds in view. Then only for an instant did his eyes rest upon the scene, as he immediately dropped his eyes to the floor and struggled to get away from the spot. His lip quivered and tears rolled down his cheeks. It was while in this frame of mind that he twice, in response to questions put by the officers, answered that he killed the child. Pomeroy is fourteen years old, and is described as having a rough and repulsive look.

after setting, sinks only a few degrees under the horizon, filling the whole space during the night with a mystical luminousness which makes even the pig-sty romantic. At midnight you can walk in the garden and read a letter from your mother. And how singular the letter is! Every word in it has a new meaning, and so has every object around you. The street, the houses, the old church, the river, the hills, all look so strange, and yet they all look as if you had never before seen their true shape and never before understood their true meaning. The houses do not press the ground with their weight; they float in the air like pictures. The river does not push its waves forth through a melancholy fall from one pebble to another; it only turns its hands, rapidly but gently, to catch the images of the stars. The trees do not suck and heave and toil for a bit of existence; no, they breathe, they live, they whisper about paradise. Swedenborg's idea of spiritual bodies was by no means a grotesque notion. It was one of the most natural and most beautiful illusions the human imagination ever gave birth to. It was a genuine child of the Swedish summer night. The clattering and the hammering, and all the noises of the town, are asleep. The splash of the water falling down the cataract in the birch wood is transformed into a sweet melody, whose subdued notes swing in the air, now sounding near to your ear and now echoing far off. But this, as all individual sounds, the chirping of the insects in the trees, the clap of your steps on the rocky path, the crackling of the paper in your hand, are soon hushed by the deep stillness which from the terrace with the lonely lake and the sombre pine forests draws nearer and nearer till it covers all the world with silence. Only one individual sound can be distinguished, one single drip of water falling into a silver basin, one single note struck on the deepest string of an instrument. It is the echo of the first cataract, a hundred miles distant, far off among the mountains. Distance seems here merged into infinity and time into eternity.—*Clemens Petersen.*

ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT HAVRE.

indeed some crack shots may have felt that the kindness lavished upon the islanders and the warm hospitality of the Havre authorities was not so favourable to success in rifle-practice as the harder conditions of camp-life at Wimbledon. We hope soon to hear of arrangements being made to give the Frenchmen an opportunity of trying conclusions with our riflemen on English soil. On coming to this country to take part in friendly shooting competitions they would be sure to receive a welcome as cordial as the Belgians have experienced in former years.

Young Hopefuls.

There is a Scotch proverb which says, "The nearer the kirk the further from grace;" and this seems to be the condition of the four urchins in our illustration to which the above title is given. Playing at cards and indulging in the luxury of a pipe in a graveyard, and under the shadow of the venerable church walls, are certainly not the best of boyish pastimes, and we are gratified to observe the presence of the face of authority, taking in all the items of the scene, and indicating a pretty decided intention of bringing it to a summary close. In the faces of the lads, expressing as they do very different emotions, we may read soft cushion of the grassy mound. The angle of the bay, indenting the land, calls up a vision of blue waters gleaming through the blossoming boughs, and makes us almost feel the freshening breeze that is cooling the pleasant summer landscape. The artists who reflect the fair face of Nature in their pictures confer a boon upon myriads of their fellow-creatures, moiling in crowded towns, who are glad to embrace the shadow when the substance is beyond their reach.

Ball at Stafford House.

The Duke of Sutherland—whose town mansion of Stafford House is excelled by few private residences in interior splendour and elegance—entertained the Czar with the same princely hospitality as he had done the Shah on the previous year. Much as Alexander II. may have been gratified by his cordial reception at Windsor, by his visit to the Crystal Palace, and by the hearty cheers of the populace that greeted him in his progress from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall and back, it is probable that the entertainment in his honour at Stafford House, by one of the Queen's noble and most loyal subjects, will recur to his memory, on his return to St. Petersburg, when other events, in connection with his brief stay in England, have slipped out of mind.

Summer Night in Sweden.

The Swedish summer is very short, and the year has hardly any spring or autumn. But the summer days are very long, and the sun,

It is said of a certain United States Senator that he has a seat that will never fail him. It is self-conceit.

One day, a shoulder of mutton, rather overdone, was laid on Dean Swift's table. The cook was sent for. "Take down that meat and get it rather underdone." "Oh, please your reverence, that I could not do." "And if you had sent it underdone, could you bring it to the proper point afterwards?" "Surely I could, your reverence." "Let me never see an overdone joint at the table again. If you must commit a fault, let it be one that can be amended."

Lost and Found.

Mr. Truefitt was in a passion. And when a middle-aged man, with grey whiskers, a bald head, and a deep bass voice flies into a passion, the effect is apt to be rather appalling.

"I'm sure, sir, I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Martin, the landlady, meekly.

But Mr. Truefitt went on, without paying the least attention to his landlady's meek accents.

"I've always heard, ma'am, about the last straw breaking the camel's back," he mumbled out, "and this is an exemplification of it. Not enough, ma'am, to take down the pictures and take up the carpets, and deluge everything with soapsuds, and give me such a cold in the head that—that I feel as if a cataract were roaring away inside of my left ear, but you must make away—no, Mrs. Martin, I insist on your hearing me through—with a certified cheque for *one hundred and fifty pounds!* Just as good, ma'am, as so much money in minted gold!"

"I'm sure, sir," whimpered poor Mrs. Martin. "I never so much as thought of such a thing."

"Then, ma'am," growled Mr. Truefitt hoarsely, "what *did* become of it! It hadn't legs, ma'am, and it couldn't run away; it hadn't wings, and therefore it could not fly. Nobody was in my room but you, and—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Mrs. Martin: "Lucy Jenison came in to get your shirts and sew the button on. But Lucy, sir, she 's a well brought up girl, and she wouldn't touch what wasn't her own any more than—"

"Then *where* is it?" bawled Mr. Truefitt, whirling round in the middle of the room like a human humming top.

"That's just what I don't know, sir," began Mrs. Martin, "but—"

"I give you warning, ma'am." cried Mr. Truefitt. "Twenty-four hours' notice, Mrs. Martin! I can't submit to this sort of thing, and I won't!—Lucy Jenison!"

A pretty, fresh-faced girl, with brown eyes, and a red sensitive mouth, who had come to the door with a message for Mrs. Martin, started and coloured at the sharp summons.

"What do you know about the cheque?" began Mr. Truefitt sternly. "The cheque that has been spirited away so remarkably; the cheque that was on my table yesterday afternoon, and—"

"Nothing, sir," faltered Lucy, turning pink and white, and beginning to tremble all over. "O, sir, what should I know of it; I just came in for a second—only long enough to take your shirt from the bureau drawer, and then to put it back again. I didn't even look at the table."

Mr. Truefitt felt his chin reflectively.

"It's a black business," said he, "and all that keeps me from calling in the help of the police is my ridiculously soft heart. You ma'am"—to Mrs. Martin—"are a widow, and you, Lucy Jenison, are an orphan that works for a living. Consequently I shall not sue; but I shall leave this establishment at once!"

Mrs. Martin sat despairingly down on the stairs. Lucy Jenison began to cry, and Mr. Truefitt shut his bedroom door with a bang that resounded from attic to cellar.

Mr. Timothy Truefitt kept his word. He packed up his belongings, and left the Martin domains. But the next day he came back after a vest, which he persisted had also miraculously disappeared.

"Dear heart alive, sir!" cried poor Mrs. Martin, fairly driven desperate; "what should we do with your vest? There are no men folks to wear such things in my family, and we don't keep a store for second-hand things!"

"It must have got somehow misplaced in your—your confounded house-cleaning operations?" shouted Mr. Truefitt, whose voice generally ascended as his temper decreased.

"Well, sir, you may search the house with a warrant, for what I care!" groaned poor Mrs. Martin; and Mr. Truefitt went grumbling away.

Two days afterwards he came again, in a towering passion, after a missing pocket handkerchief.

"I had twelve, with horses' heads printed on the border, and 'T. Truefitt' in the corner," said he—"twelve new pocket handkerchiefs, and now there are only eleven."

"I ask you, sir," said poor Mrs Martin, with tears in her eyes, "what could I do with a pocket handkerchief bordered with horses' heads and marked with your name?"

"That's a question, ma'am, that I don't pretend to answer," replied Mr. Truefitt. "But I *do* say that this whole business is assuming an aspect *most* extraordinary!"

And away he went, gesticulating and muttering wildly to himself.

After this a sort of blight seemed to come over the not very promising, at best, circumstances of Mrs. Martin. One by one her boarders dropped away, and no new ones presented themselves to populate the vacant rooms. Lucy Jenison's customers, too—she was a neat little dress-maker, in an unassuming way—fell off sadly, for no public reason. People looked doubtfully at the landlady and her little friend, and somehow contrived to steer clear of them. For the first time in her life, Mrs. Martin failed to meet her landlord's quarterly demands, and listened dismayed to his avowed intention of putting up a bill.

While poor Lucy, who had nothing to do but twirl her pretty thumbs, began to wonder how she was to live.

"It's all that old Mr. Truefitt and his abominable cheque, my dear," sobbed poor Mrs. Martin. "People won't come to a house where things have the name of mysteriously disappearing, and that's the long and short of it. And whatever we're going to do the Lord knows, for I don't."

And Lucy's tears were her only answer.

But the old proverb says that "it is always darkest just before daylight," and so in this instance it proved. For that very afternoon there came a coleric, red-faced old East Indian, with a waggon full of valises, bath-tubs, air-cushions, and other outlandish bachelor contrivances, and engaged the whole second floor "right straight through," as Mrs. Martin ecstatically declared.

"The front room for himself," said she, "and the back room for his servant, a queer, brown man, with a white night-cap of a thing on his head, and big gold hoops in his ears."

"My goodness gracious!" said Lucy Jenison.

"So now, my dear," went on kind-hearted Mrs. Martin, "it an't of so much consequence if you don't pay up that odd bit of rent just yet; and who knows? There may be better times ahead."

Lucy shook her head softly.

"Nobody will employ me now," she murmured sorrowfully. "They all think I am a thief!"

"Don't fret, Lucy," soothed Mrs. Martin. "As soon as ever I've seen his things straightened a little, I'll put over the kettle, and you and me'll have a cup of tea together."

The prolonged and vehement ringing of the front-room bell interrupted her.

"Bless my heart!" she gasped; "he certainly *will* break that bell wire!"

And up stairs she rushed, to find the old gentleman dancing up and down in a blue cloud of smoke, and the native servant sneezing until it seemed as if his rolling coffee-coloured eyeballs would fly out of his head!

"Pack my things up again, Wollah Rany!" shrieked the old gentleman. "Ma'am, why the duce didn't you tell me the chimney smoked?"

"But the chimney *don't* smoke, sir," persisted the landlady, in direct contradiction of the evidence of the senses.

"What do you call *that*, ma'am?" barked the old gentleman, while Wollah Rany doubled up in a fresh paroxysm of coughing.

"But it never acted so before!" cried Mrs. Martin. "I do believe it's bewitched!"

The old gentleman began to fling his bootjacks and linen miscellaneously into a yawning trunk which stood conveniently nigh. Mrs. Martin caught a broom, and considerably to the relief of the coffee-coloured servitor, who thought at first she intended to attack him, made at the chimney aperture above the grate, full of sulking coals and kindlings.

"It was swept only a year ago," she declared, "but— My stars! what's this tucked up the draught? Why, it's a waistcoat! and here's a pocket-handkerchief, bordered with blue horses' heads; and, bless us and save us! here's the cheque!"

And like a maniac Mrs. Martin tore down stairs, waving her treasure-trove in her hand, and out into the open street, toward the tall brown house where lodged Mr. Truefitt at that present time, having "changed" six different times since he left the Martin roof.

"I've found it, sir," she shrieked, rushing into his presence.

Mr. Truefitt bent over his newspaper, and comprehended the situation in an instant.

"Where was it?" he asked.

"Up the chimney."

"O-o-o h!" said Mr. Truefitt, after a moment's silence. "I remember now; I put it there myself."

"You put it there yourself, sir?"

"To be sure I did. You had just been cleaning house, and the floors were damp, and the carpets were up, and there was a beast of a draught, and I remember catching up the first thing that came handy—a man don't stop to consider, ma'am, when he jumps out of bed in the middle of the night, with his bare feet on a board floor—and ramming it up chimney. Never thought of it afterward, ma'am, I give you my word. Mrs. Martin!"

"Sir?"

"I'll take your third front floor, if it's not engaged."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Martin, beaming.

"And, Mrs. Martin, tell that pretty little Jenison girl to make me five dozen shirts."

"Five dozen, sir! That's a great many at one time."

"No matter. I shall wear 'em all out, if I live long enough," roared Mr. Truefitt.

"And so the puzzle was cleared up, as puzzles always are, if we only wait long enough.

Negro Revival Meeting.

Mr. Edward King's "Ramble in Virginia" contains the following: During our stay in this part of Virginia, a "revival meeting" was announced by the coloured brethren of the surrounding country, to be held at a little station half way between Richmond and Petersburg, and we determined to be present. On a beautiful Sunday morning we drove out through the fields, in which, the oak timber having been cut away, a rank growth of pine had sprung up; and stopping a massive coal-black man, dressed in white duck, with a flaming red necktie at his throat, we inquired "the way."

"If yo' want to go to Zion's-hill, dat yer's de way; but of yo' want to go whar de good preachin' is, dis yer road 'll take yo' to it."

Presently we arrived at a large frame building, much like a country school-house, save that it was neither celled nor plastered, and therein the negroes were gathered. A powerful spiritual wave had swept over the coloured population, and dozens of carts, loaded with dusky searchers for truth, came rolling along the rough roads, and stopped before the primitive door. Entering, we found every shade of colour, from the coal-black full-blood to the octoroon, elegantly dressed and gracious in manners. The congregation was not large. Owing to the excitement which had prevailed for several previous Sabbaths, many had retired, worn out, from the spiritual feast. The women sat on the left side, the men on the right of a broad aisle, running to a plain wooden pulpit, in which were three moon-faced negroes, two of them preachers, and the third a State Senator. In front of the pulpit, behind a little table, stood an olive-coloured elderly man, neatly dressed, and with a wildness in his eyes, and an intensity written upon his lips which reminded me of what I had read of the "Convulsionists of St. Médard." The audience was breathless with attention as the preacher, a strolling missionary, supported by Quakers in Louisiana, took up the great Bible, and, poising it on his lean, nervous hand, poured forth such an impassioned appeal that I fairly trembled. I was not prepared for such vehemence. Never, in the history of New England revivalism, was there such a scene. The preacher stood with many of his hearers well around him; one of the deacons and exhorters, a black giant in spectacles, was his *point d'appui* and to him he appealed from time to time, shaking him roughly by the shoulder, and hissing his words in his ear with fiery vehemence. The proposition with which he started was somewhat incomprehensible to us; but the proposition was of no consequence, because every few moments he would burst into paroxysms of exhortation, before which the emotional audience rocked and trembled like reeds in a wind. He had a peculiar way of addressing himself suddenly and in a startling manner to some individual in the congregation, and in the agony of his exhortation to that person, would pound the table furiously with both hands, and dance vigorously with his feet. From time to time he would draw in his breath with great force, as if repressing a sob, and, when speaking of love and salvation, he inevitably fell into a chant, or monotone, which was very effective. Under the hurricanes of his appeal, the fury of his shouting, the magnetic influence of his song, one of the old deacons went into an actual spasm of religious fervour, and now and then yelled vociferously. A milder brother ventured to remonstrate, whereupon the Quaker preacher turned upon him, saying loudly:

"Let dat brudder shout, an 'tend to dine own business!"

Then he began preaching against hypocrisy. He seemed especially to chide the women for becoming converted with too great ease. "Woe!" he cried, "woe unto dat woman what goes down into de water befo' she ready; woe *unto* her!" with a long, singing descent on the last words; and then he added, *sotto voce*, "Dat what make so many women come up stranglin' an' vomitin' an' pukin' outen de water; de debbil dat still in 'em git hole on 'em, an' shake 'em an' choke 'em under de water! Let no woman shout for Jesus what don't know 'bout Jesus! It's one thing to git to Heaven, but it's anudder to git in! Don't ye know what Heaven is? Heaven's God! We must know what we is preachin' about, an' ef we don't we ought to SET DOWN!" (This with terrific emphasis.)

In describing the creation, he said: "Brethren, it's now 12,877 years sence de good Lord made de world, an' de mornin' stars sung together. *Dat wa'n't yesterday!* Ha! read de Book o' Job, 'n' see for yerself! *Dat wa'n't a month ago!* *I'exaan't dar'den!*" (thus illustrating with sublime scorn the littleness of man), "but by de grace of God, I'll git dar by-'n'-by!" (here his voice was faint and suggestive of tearful joy) "to join de mornin' stars, an' we'll all sing togedder! Oh, yes! oh, yes! Heaven's God made de world an' de lightness dereof, an' hung it up on de high looks of heaven. Dere wa'n't no nails dere; no hammer dere; no nothin' but de word of God." In hinting at the terrors of death to the unconverted, he sang wild word-pictures which had a certain rude force even for us, and then shrieked out these words: "Ef de brudders don't want to die in de dark, dey must git Christ to hole de candle. God's grace shall be de candle in de good brudder's heart. Devils may howl, lions may roar, but nothin' shall daunt dat brudder's heart. Angels shall come down with lighted candles in deir hands to congratulate de brudder."

At another period in the sermon, he said: "Ef we can't preach God, we can exhort Him; of we can't exhort Him, we can live Him; an' ef we can't live Him, we can die Him. I've served under Him forty-two long year—longer dan Moses led Israel in de wilderness; an' ef I don't know what God is, den I'd better *shut up* an' *go* home!"

The sermon was interspersed with impassioned recitations from Watts and Wesley. There was no logic, and no clear idea of anything except the love of God and charity. Now and then, with pompous air, the speaker would say, "An' now, brethren, we will proceed to consider de third (or fourth or fifth) point," and after a moment of solemn cogitation, would plunge into exhorting appeal and sarcasm, and yell until the rafters rang. His face was convulsed, and sobs shook his whole frame when he sat down, and a strange wild hymn was sung, the singers weaving their bodies to and fro to the measure of the music.

One of the moon-faced ministers then arose and bade those who desired the prayers of the church to come forward and lay their sins upon the altar. An indescribable rush of some twenty persons ensued. All men and young girls hastened together to the pulpit, and knelt with their faces bowed upon their hands, and a low tremulous prayer to "O my heavenly Fadder," was heard, as one of the old deacons poured forth his soul in supplication. During the prayer, an exhorter passed around among the congregation, singling out the impenitent, and personally addressing them: "Ye better go now!" "How'll ye feel when it's too late, 'n' dar ain't no gettin' dar?" In a short time the church resounded to groans and prayers, high over all of which was heard the clear voice of the coloured Quaker chanting:

"For everywhar I went to pray
I met all hell right on my way."

"but Heaven's God, 'n' we'll get dar by 'n' by. O praise Him! O bless Him, 'n' sing wid de mornin' stars!"

Some of the coloured preachers although they make extravagant pretensions, are by no means so moral as our "Fadder Quaker," and, exercising absolute spiritual control over their ignorant flocks, prompt them to unworthy deeds, and fill their minds with wrong ideas. There is also a multitude of quacks and false prophets who seek to make money out of a revival of the barbaric superstitions still prevalent among certain classes of negroes. On one occasion a huge negro created quite a clamour among the blacks in Petersburg, by announcing that he could cure any one afflicted with disease. He practically revived many of the features of Voudouism, and was rapidly fleecing his victims when a pitying white man interposed and tried to expose the swindler. But it was of no avail. The quack boldly challenged the would-be exposer to witness a cure of a long-standing case of dropsy. At the house of the sick man the incredulous Caucasian found a large crowd of faithful believers assembled, in front of a circle of bones, old rags, and other trash, over which the quack was muttering some gibberish. Finally the announcement was made that there was something in the sick man's bed which had made him ill; and, after a little search, a mysterious packet was found beneath the mattress. While the horror-stricken crowd were bewailing this evidence of witchcraft, the white man insisted on opening the packet, found it filled with harmless herbs and minerals, and endeavoured to convince the negroes that the doctor's confederate had undoubtedly concealed it there. But they would not believe him, and insisted on considering the doctor great at divination, although their confidence was a little shaken when the man, stricken with dropsy, died, despite the discovery and removal of the hurtful charm.

Why?

Why is the wrong so strong,
And the right so weak and poor?
Why goes black bread to the patient man,
And gold to the evil doer?

Why dies the noble cause
We perilled life to save,
While the baleful growth of an upstart sin
O'ershadows a nation's grave?

Why died that widow's son?
He was all she had to bless.
The children crowd round the selfish heart,
And gain but a cold caress.

Who reads the riddle right?
And who can answer why
These clouds sweep over our mortal life?
Not you, brave priest, nor I.

Why came a throbbing pain
To that heart so firm and fair,
While the crown of wealth and of blithesome health
Some lesser angels wear?

Why went that young life out
On honour's perilous road?
The carping tongue and the jealous mind
Stay here to wound and goad.

A picture once I saw—
Three crosses against the sky;
And the heaviest cross was the highest one:
Perhaps that answers why.

His Last Bet.

Arthur Ralston had contracted a very bad habit—a dangerous and a sinful habit. Had any one suggested to him a game of cards to be played or money, he would not have listened: and yet he was growing to be a gambler, notwithstanding. His sin was that of betting, and it had so grown upon him that he would bet upon the result of things most trivial or most grave. He was a young man, not more than eight-and-twenty, with a wife and two children—a wife true and loving, and children bright and good. And Arthur was a good, kind husband, and an even-tempered, indulgent father. He was a book-keeper in a mercantile house, upon a salary more than sufficient for all his proper wants.

Arthur Ralston's betting had come to be a matter of emphasis and determination. The habit had so fastened itself upon him that he could bet off-hand, and pay a loss, or take a winning, as a matter of course.

"Susan," he said, one evening, with radiant face, "I have won fifty pounds to-day."

"How?" asked the wife, with a shadow upon her face.

"I bet fifty pounds that Hopkins would be elected over Wilkins, and Hopkins was elected handsomely."

"Whom did you bet with, Arthur?"

"With Charles Ashcroft."

"Then you took his fifty pounds?"

"Certainly,—why shouldn't I? He fairly lost."

"And you, I suppose, fairly won?"

"Of course I did."

"And do you think Charles Ashcroft was able to bear the loss?"

"That isn't my look out."

"I am sorry, Arthur. I wish you would put away that habit. Only evil can come of it."

"Pshaw!"

"Evil has already come, Arthur. Your heart is growing callous and hard. Time was when you could not have taken fifty pounds from a poor and needy family without a feeling of shame and compunction."

"Hold on, Susan! I don't want another lecture. I know what I am up to. You don't know so much of the world as I do."

And with this, Arthur Ralston, took his hat and went out—went out like a coward, knowing that if he entered into argument with his wife, she would twist him into a labyrinth from which he could only escape by an angry bolt.

Half an hour later Mr. Tom Cartwright came in. He was a year or two older than Arthur, and was Susan's cousin—only a cousin by blood, but as they had been brought up from early childhood together they were like brother and sister in life and love. Tom sat down, and chatted awhile, and found his cousin not so cheerful as usual.

"You are not well, Susan?"

"I am well in body, Tom, but sore at heart."

"What is it?"

"I fear not to speak with you freely. I am worrying about Arthur. His habit of betting is taking deeper and deeper root. To-day he has won fifty pounds from Charles Ashcroft on the result of an election. Last week he won forty pounds on the race-course. I know his temperament. He is headstrong and impulsive. Can you not see the danger?"

"Yes, Susan, I have seen it this long time, but have not dared to speak of it. If John were cold-blooded and calculating, he might occasionally bet with danger only of doing wrong to those from whom he won money, but as it is, with his impulsive, mercurial temperament, there is other danger."

"I wish you could influence him, Tom."

"I wish I could; but I fear he would not listen."

Cartwright took out his watch, and said he must be going. He had left a friend at the Cathedral Hotel, and must go back to him.

"I came down," he added, "to get Arthur to call with me. You remember Frank Powers?"

"Certainly," said Susan, with a brightening eye. "I was reading of him in the paper last night. He has been made a captain."

"Yes," returned Tom, "and has come home minus an arm, lost at Amoaful."

"I should like to see him."

"He shall call. He will be glad I know."

Tom had arisen, and got as far as the door, when he stopped and turned.

"Susan," he said, "I have an idea. Isn't Arthur saving up money with which to pay off the mortgage on his house and land?"

"Yes, he has almost enough. The mortgage is eleven hundred and fifty pounds, and he has a thousand of it in the bank."

"Don't say anything to him that I have been here, and say nothing about Captain Powers."

"But—Tom—"

"Trust me, Susan. I think I see a way to give him a lesson. Hold your peace, and await the result."

On the following day Tom Cartwright met Arthur Ralston in the street, and informed him of the arrival of Captain Powers.

"And he wants to see you, old fellow. Will you go up with me this evening?"

"Certainly I will," replied Arthur, gladly. "How is he?"

"Comfortable, considering. He has had a hard time of it, though. You knew he had lost an arm?"

"I heard of his being wounded at Amoaful, and so the arm had to come off?"

"Yes."

"Which—"

"Excuse me, Arthur. I have an appointment to keep at the bank. I will call for you this evening."

"All right. I'll be ready."

"And in the evening" Tom called, and together the two went to the Cathedral Hotel. They found Captain Powers in his private room, seated in a big easy chair, and looking somewhat pale and worn.

"Frank, my dear fellow, how are you?" cried Arthur, advancing.

"Arthur, old boy, I am glad to see you. You'll excuse my not rising. I am pretty well, but not so strong as I have been."

"Keep your seat, Frank. I'm glad to see you back alive; and I'm sure you'll pick up in time."

The empty coat-sleeve, dangling over the arm of the chair, was eloquent, and Arthur's eyes moistened as he fixed his gaze upon it.

And yet the conversation flowed pleasantly after a time. The Captain had much to tell, and his hearers were willing to listen.

Arthur arose to depart first. He had told his wife that he should not be out late. Cartwright would remain a while longer.

On the day following this visit Tom and Arthur met in the street close by the bank where the latter had come to deposit. Tom had evidently been waiting and watching.

"Are you going to lunch, Arthur?"

"Yes. Will you come with me?"

"I will if you'll lunch with me."

"Any way."

The luncheon-room was near at hand, and while they eat they talked of Frank Powers and his adventures, and also of his mishaps.

"He ought to be thankful, though," remarked Tom, "that it was his left arm that was taken instead of his right."

Arthur Ralston looked up curiously.

"Eh, Tom

"I say, Frank ought to be thankful that they took his left arm instead of his right."

"You mean that for a joke?"

"How?"

"Why—Frank has lost his right arm, to be sure."

"You are mistaken, Arthur. His right arm is safe and sound. It is the left that is gone."

"Tom, are you in earnest? Do you mean it?"

"Are you crazy, Arthur? Of course, I mean it!"

"Do you mean to say that Frank Powers *has lost his left arm, and that his right arm is intact?*"

"I do say exactly so."

Arthur pressed the ends of his fingers upon his brow, and called up to mind the picture as he had seen it on the previous evening. He remembered just where the empty sleeve had dangled, and he remembered that the opposite arm had been whole.

"Tom," he finally said, slowly and emphatically, "Frank Powers has lost his right arm!"

"You are mistaken, Arthur."

"Do you think so?"

"I know you are mistaken."

"I'd like to bet you something on it," said Arthur with a decisive gesture.

"I'll bet you anything you like, my dear fellow, so that you make it an object."

"And I'll bet you anything you like," Arthur answered.

"You ain't sure enough to bet a thousand pounds?"

"A thousand?"

"I thought it would shake your confidence in yourself," nodded Tom, with a smile.

Ralston started to his feet, and brought his hand down with a slap upon the table.

"Dare you bet a thousand pounds, Tom?"

"Yes."

"You'll lose it."

"I am able."

"I'll go it! The bet is made. Will you hold here while I go and get the money?"

"Yes."

Arthur hurried away to the bank and drew out his thousand pounds, and with it returned to the luncheon-room flushed and excited. A mutual friend was called, to whom the case was stated.

"I bet a thousand pounds," said Arthur, "that Captain Frank Powers has lost his *right* arm, and that his left arm is whole."

"And I," said Tom, "bet the same amount that Captain Frank Powers has lost his *left* arm, and that his right arm is whole."

The money was deposited in the hands of the mutual friend, with instructions that he should pay it to the winner. And then they agreed that the three should go at once to the hotel and there settle the matter.

Twelve months before this time Arthur Ralston would not have bet so large a sum under any circumstances; but the habit had indeed grown upon him.

Arrived at the hotel the three were admitted to the Captain's presence.

"Ah, boys, I am glad to see you. I am feeling much better to-day. Arthur, old fellow, I can get up for you now. How are you?"

And Captain Frank Powers arose, and extended his hand—his RIGHT HAND—and when Arthur felt its grasp he felt it true flesh and blood, warm and pulsating, he staggered back with a groan.

"You will excuse us, Captain," said Tom Cartwright; "but Arthur and I had a little dispute. He thought you had lost your right arm."

"O, no," returned Powers, smiling. "Thank Heaven, my right is spared me,"—extending his good right hand;—"but this poor stump is all that is left of its fellow," pointing to the empty sleeve that hung by his left side.

Arthur got away as soon as he could. In the lower hall under the rose the heavy loss was paid over to Tom Cartwright.

"I am sorry you losty your money, Arthur," the latter said, as he put the bank-notes into his pocket-book, "but I think I won it fairly."

"It's all right, Tom." And Arthur tried to smile as he said so, but he could not do it.

A miserable man was Arthur Ralston that afternoon; and more miserable was he when he went to his home in the evening. His wife asked him what was the matter, but he would not tell her; and when she pressed him he was angry. He could not—he dared not—tell her that the savings of years—the money that was to have paid for their precious home—had been swept away in a moment—swept away by an act of his own sin and folly.

That night he slept not a wink. On the following morning, pale and shaking, he started to go away from his home without his breakfast. On his door-step he was met by Cartwright's clerk, who handed to him a sealed packet.

"It is from Mr. Cartwright, sir."

"Do you wait for an answer?"

"No, sir."

Arthur went back into his house, and broke the seal, and opened the packet. He found within one thousand pounds in crisp bank notes and a folded letter. He opened the letter and read:

"DEAR ARTHUR.—With this I send you back your thousand pounds. I won the money as honestly as gambling bets are often won, and yet I did not win it fairly. Frank and I deceived you on purpose. On your first visit his right arm was hidden beneath his coat, and his wooden left arm was strapped on. As he did not rise from his chair the deception was perfect. You found him on your second visit, as he really was, only the wooden arm had been laid aside.

"Forgive me, Arthur, and believe that I had an aim in this, which God grant may be fulfilled.

"P.S.—I should like that this subject should never be referred to between us. Please me in this, won't you? T."

"Dear Arthur, what is it?"

Susan had come in, and as she spoke she put her arm around her husband's neck and kissed him. He returned the kiss.

"Not now, Susan," he said, huskily. "I will tell you some time."

"But you will come and eat some breakfast?"

"If you won't ask me any more questions—yes."

The blow had been a severe one, and the effects of the shot did not quickly pass away. Arthur Ralston revived in time; and when he told his wife the secret of his trouble on that unhappy night, he was prepared to give her a great and last joy by adding that he had made his LAST BET.

A DEAR old lady being asked if she had ever had her ears pierced by the wail of distress, said she couldn't just exactly remember, but she believed it was done with a shoemaker's awl.

News Miscellany.

Bravery of a Spanish Soldier.—A cross of San Ferdinand is to be awarded to a Spanish soldier for the following proof of courage and abnegation: An officer was wounded, and all the materials for stanching his profuse hemorrhage had been already consumed, there being none nearer than those of an ambulance, to reach which it was necessary to traverse a space where it was literally raining bullets from both sides. The soldier volunteered to go for them. He reached the ambulance, already wounded, but only stopped long enough to secure the needed remedies, then sped away back again, and was again wounded. When he had almost reached the spot where the bleeding officer lay, a smoking shell fell at his feet, and he stopped, picked it up, and threw it into a pond close by, in the midst of the cheering of his comrades, who applauded as though in a theatre, for there is always much of the dramatic in Spanish courage.

The Sturgeon in Brighton Aquarium.—A considerable amount of amusement was afforded the other evening at the Brighton Aquarium. The great attraction was a huge sturgeon recently captured in Rye Bay, and sent to the aquarium. Of course every visitor was anxious to get a good view of the size of the fish, but as the place was crowded, especially in the vicinity of the sturgeon's tank, this was not easily obtainable, and one old lady, who, after a deal of elbowing and pushing, managed to get a good view of the fish, kept the crowd around her in continual merriment by her repeated exclamations of surprise at the size of the "SURGEON" as she termed the stranger. *Apropos* of sturgeons, a newspaper, intending to announce the capture of one, gravely informed its readers that "A SURGEON had been taken alive in the river and sold to the inhabitants for sixpence a pound."

Death of an Australian Pioneer Squatter.—The *Melbourne Argus* says: Among recent deaths is that of Mr. Farquhar Mackenzie, known as "the younger of Gairloch," son of the late Captain Kenneth Mackenzie, of Kerrisdale, in Ross-shire, and nephew of the late Sir Hector Mackenzie, who was the oldest general officer in the British army. Mr. Mackenzie came to the colony in 1838, and formed one of a party of six, who were the pioneers of the early settlers on the Goulburn. At that time the blacks were very troublesome on the river, and Mr. Mackenzie, by his tact and kindly manners, succeeded in winning their confidence. For the last twelve years of his life he held the position of inspector of sheep in the colony of Victoria. A few years since, he sustained some injuries in the face from the kick of a horse taken from him by the bushranger Power on the Goulburn, and he at length sank under the illness which supervened.

A Den of Robbers.—In the *Cologne Gazette* of the 7th inst. it is stated that not far from Altkirch, in Elsass, above Hirtzbach, a real den of robbers has been discovered, where there were all the accoutrements required for robbery and theft—revolvers, daggers, picklocks, &c. There were also provisions, such as flitches of bacon and pots of butter, which has led to the supposition that they intended to spend some time there. The daring deeds of this band set the whole neighbourhood in alarm. One day they pursued some workmen as far as Largitzen, when the two youngest of the band were apprehended. One of these was about hastily to load his revolver, but was struck to the ground before he succeeded in doing so. Since then the rest of the band have removed to some distant part and the *gendarme* can now live in quietness.

Cruel Treatment of Convicts.—In the United States, however, the inevitable misery of convict life is aggravated, so it appears from recent complaints, by the most abominable cruelty. The *New York Herald* relates a shocking instance of abuse of power which seems to us incredible, on the part of one of the medical staff of Sing-Sing prison. One of the prisoners, who was sentenced for a term of years showed so much disposition to make the best of his situation, and worked so hard and so cheerfully, that he won the good opinion of all the authorities with the exception of this doctor. The convict at last fell ill and was threatened with inflammation of the lungs. His enemy then ordered him a cholera mixture. The man took it but got no better. The doctor, however, repeated the prescription till his victim refused to take it. He was then hung up by the thumbs till he prayed for death, and shut up in a dark cell, when the warder interfered and released him, but without censuring the doctor.

The Ashes of the Urn.—Upon the chimney-piece of Dr. Francis Opdyke's study, in North Fourth-street, Philadelphia, is a vase, corked and sealed, in shape like a common flower vase. It bears the name of "George Opdyke," with his birth and death. The vase contains about a quart of ashes. These are all that now remain of his son George. For the cost of "a cord of yellow pine wood" the doctor was enabled to convert his son's corpse into a few whitish grey ashes, which are now contained in a pretty chimney ornament. He obtained these results by "cremating" the deceased youth in an iron coffin. We learn from a New York correspondent that during the combustion there was very little, if any, unpleasant odour. "Incremation" is agitating a portion of the people of the United Stes, and is the sensation at present chiefly discussed. A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature for the incorporation of the "New York Incremation Society," with a capital of 50,000 dollars, and power to burn the dead.

Chinese Mode of Cooking Eggs.—A French traveller in China now advocates a culinary reform *ab. ovo*, and recommends the Chinese system of cooking eggs when they have undergone a part of the process of incubation. He describes this dish as a revelation, introducing the *gourmand* to a new sensation, nay, to a series of new sensations, since the taste of the egg varies according to the length or the period during which it has been hatched. It appears, in fact, that if the process of incubation is suddenly suspended, and the egg cooked before the immature inmate has ceased to live, the usually revolting adjuncts of a bad egg are not produced. It is, however, most probable, that like the puppies, rats, and sea-mice which supply the Chinese with their choicest *entrées* hatched eggs will not soon find their way to European tables.

The Macao Coolie Traffic.—Before the Macao coolie traffic is forgotten it may be as well to recapitulate some of the terrible disasters which attended the emigration of the wretched Chinamen from that port. These are shown in a statement drawn up in the *Overland China Mail* of the coolie ships on board of which mutinies broke out or disasters occurred from the year 1845 to the year 1872. From this we learn that evil befel 38 ships during the period named. On board 23 vessels out of this number the coolies mutinied, and in 13 cases murdered the whole or part of the crew, including the officers. But the mortality among the Europeans was trifling as compared with that which prevailed among the coolies. On board the Lady Montague, which sailed with 450 coolies, 300 lost their lives. In the Waverley, carrying 442 coolies, 295 died. The same fate befell 110 on board the John Calvin. Eight hundred and fifty coolies, making us the entire number of emigrants on board the Flora Temple, were lost in the ship off the coast of Cochin-China. Out of 350 who sailed in the Dea del Mare only 162 got as far as Tahiti alive. The Jeddo, which sailed with 480 coolies on board, lost 200. Only 42 out of the 380 who started in the Providenza were found in her when she was discovered off Hakodadi, in Japan, and 600 were burnt to death on board the Dolores Ugarte in the fire they themselves had kindled in the vain hope of escape. In several other cases, where numbers are not given, it is stated that great mortality prevailed. Of the total number of the ships referred to, 15 were British, four were American, three were Peruvian, eight were French, five were Italian, and Holland, Belgium, and San Salvador each contributed one.

Press Strictures on a Colonial Premier.—The art of "nobbling the press" does not appear to be practised to any great extent by the editors of the New Zealand, if we may judge from the following strictures on the Premier of that colony, the Hon. Julius Vogel, which appear in the *Timaru Herald*: "Mr. Vogel's propensity for dining in public and making long, twaddling speeches afterwards, is becoming a perfect nuisance. The telegraphists throughout the colony are kept hanging about the office more than half the night, and some hundreds of over-worked people are kept out of their beds for three or four extra hours, merely that the newspapers, much against their will, may be compelled to publish a lot of post-prandial bosh, which no one cares to read. . . . We positively will not, in future, risk losing the mails, and submit to crowd out important matter, because Mr. Vogel finds that his platitudes and tomfoolery go down better by lamplight, and after a liberal allowance of indifferent liquor, than they do in sober daylight before the sun is over the foreyard arm." A press and public taking this line respecting the extraparliamentary utterances of the rulers of the country would probably, like Queen Elizabeth, prefer politicians who do not meddle with State affairs.

The Rum Crusaders.—The rum crusaders have opened another battery against the "liquor stores," but in a novel fashion. A female took up her position in Brooklyn (where the liquor traffic is prohibited), and commenced a round of visits on Sunday, obtaining supplies from no less than 41 saloon-keepers. She sent her boy into the several stores for 20 cents' worth of rum or whisky, and, when obtained, labelled the bottles with the name and address of the vendor. On accomplishing her object she sent proceeded to the Excise Board, where she handed in her list, headed, "Inventory of 41 law-abiding citizens of Brooklyn." The woman herself is in the employ of the Temperance Women's Society. The "ladies" who are opposed to the liquor dealers do not appear to hesitate at any step in furthering their endeavours to suppress the traffic. In some places they have placed a sentry-box opposite the lager-beer saloon, and there mount guard, the sentry being relieved by another silk dress every two or four hours.

The Reindeer Hunters of the Pyrenees.—A few days ago we (*Globe*) noticed an interesting discovery of human remains of the reindeer ages in the Pyrenees. M. Piette has described to the French Geological Society another cavern in the same district which seems to be of special interest, as the remains found have been protected by a layer of stalagmite from all disturbance since the time of their deposition. The cavern is situated opposite the village of Lortet (Hautes Pyrénées), about 46 feet above the level of the Nest. Its contents consist of bones, hearths, and implements of various kinds, giving a very clear idea of the early reindeer period. Amongst other things, M. Piette cites particularly many fetishes or amulets for suspension, which would seem to testify to the existence of some rudimentary sort of religious belief among these people. Bones of the reindeer were found bearing representations of fishes, snakes, reindeer, and other animals, engraved with a delicacy and correctness of outline perfectly astonishing, considering the instruments which the artists had at their command. These figures are said to be fully equal to anything that Egyptian art ever succeeded in producing. Similar remains were also found by M. Piette in the neighbouring cave of Gourdan.

Perseverance Rewarded.—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: I hear a litte story illustrative of the relations between the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy and artists who have pleasure to hang. As I think I may vouch for the truth of it, and as it throws a curious light upon Mr. Armitage's ingenious defence of the gentlemen he so singularly declares he has no wish to defend, I may repeat it. An artist whose name is well known to the public whose reputation should suffice to secure him some attention even amongst R.A.'s, sent some pictures to the Academy two or three years ago, and they were rejected, or, at all events, they found no place on the walls of the exhibition. Not altogether discouraged, he sent them again the following year, and they were once more returned upon his hands, without the chance of a public appearance. But the artist is a patient man, and has faith in his own works. He is, moreover, a charitable man, and was willing to give the Academy another chance; but experience had taught him wisdom, and this year he sent the same pictures in by another hand. The result is instructive. The twice rejected works of art have found a place this year, and may be seen at Burlington House. So patience and perseverence will even bring a deserving artist to the notice of the Royal Academy.

The Bearded Lady.—Childish simplicity is doubtless very charming in its proper place, but there are seasons when the artless prattle of the infantine tongue reveals secrets which it would be better to hide from the world. This truth was recently exemplified at Cologne. In that city one of the exhibitions for some time past has been a "bearded lady." It was very attractive, and large crowds poured into the booths where she was stationed, to gaze upon so singular a phenomenon. The regular money taker, however, fell ill, and for want of a better substitute a little girl connected with the show was placed at the door to take the money. A kind-hearted visitor who had been enjoying the sight was attracted by the appearance of the child, and patted her on the head as he went out, saying, by way of a joke, "Well, little one, I suppose that bearded woman is your mamma?" "No, sir, she is not," the child answered ingenuously, "she is my papa." The exhibition appears to have lost much of its attractiveness.

Largest Tunnels in the World.—The *English Mechanic* has the following: The completion of the Hoosac Tunnel and the rapid progress of the Sutro, have, says an American journal, caused the miners, both in the East and West of America, to look with interest upon what has been and is projected in connection with Sennemitz. It is in Germany that the great tunnels have been constructed, and these have been made exclusively for mining. There is the great tunnel at Freiberg, twenty-four miles long; the Ernst-August and Georg at Clausthal, thirteen and a-half and ten and three-quarter miles respectively; the Joseph II. at Schemnitz, nine and a-quarter miles; the Rothschonberg at Freiberg, eight miles; the Mont Cenis, seven and a-half miles, which about completes the European list. In the United States we have the Hoosac, in Massachusetts, five miles long, the completion of which has lately been noticed; the Sutro, in Nevada, for opening up the celebrated Comstock lode. This tunnel, although only four miles long, will, with its ramifications to the various mines of the district, prove one of the most important in America. The Sierra Madre tunnel at Black Hawk, commenced during the present year, and which will be twelve miles long, as well as the San Carlos and Union Pacific tunnels, which are under two and a-half miles. The Ernst-August tunnel was driven at the rate of a mile per annum, and it will be interesting to notice how long it will take the Americans, with all the approved appliances at present at command, to complete the nearly similar Sierra Madre tunnel.

Moonlight Nights in India.—Mr. Forbes, the Famine Commissioner of the *Daily News*, gives the following account of a moonlight ride in Bengal: Mr. Wilson and I had been spending the afternoon in visiting some villages to the south-east of his factory. Day had gone, and the moon had risen, when we turned our horses' heads homewards for a long, rough ride over the riecfields. A moonlight night in India is delightful. The fierce heat of the day has waned, and given place to a charming, balmy coolness. The flood of soft clear moonlight pours down upon the earth, and etherealises everything; the bamboo groves seem in their pale feathery beauty retreats fit for fairies; water in the tanks shimmers in the moonrays like great plates of silver. The moonlight makes even the squalid villages beautiful, and over the whole scene there has come a delightful stillness and quietude, broken only by the chirping of the night insects and by the monotonous notes of a song that is being sung by the squatters around the fire in yonder distant mango-grove. No longer do clouds of dust rise to stifle the wayfarer, for the hot wind of the day has given place to a light gentle air which comes laden with a subtle fragrance that delights the senses.

Terrible Tiger Story.—A letter to the *Delhi Gazette*, dated the end of March, states: "You have heard of all the adventures our Roorkee sportsmen are having with tigers. A young man, in fact a French boy, a *protégé* of Colonel Maunsell, went out with a party the other day, and got frightfully mauled. He is now dead. Mr. Jobbling, of the 55th, was brought in lately from Hurdwar, dreadfully mauled by a tiger; he is not expected to live. There are four doctors in attendance on him. He has been bitten by the tiger as well as torn by its claws, and though the wounds have been sewn up, they keep on bleeding, and nothing seems to stop the flow. It is feared he will bleed to death. There is another gentleman who had also suffered from the claws of a tiger, but I believe his wounds are not very bad."

Curious Case of Eccentricity.—A curious case of eccentricity is reported by the Herefordshire papers in recording the death of Mr. Johnson, of Colwall, who has, it is stated, spent the whole of his fortune, estimated at £100,000 in attempting to dig up the Malvern Hills. He persevered, it is said, for years, towards the accomplishment of his project, and made a considerable hole in the Herefordshire Beacon. The work involved him in a law suit with the Highway Commissioners, but he still proceeded, and the result of his labours is to be seen in the vicinity of his house.

The Republic of Iceland.—"Dark, and true and tender is the north," sings the poet, and true indeed have the sons of Iceland been to their ancient Republican constitution. The thousandth anniversary of its foundation (says the *Echo*) will be celebrated this summer, when the feeble tie which binds them to Denmark will be broken by the proclamation that the Danish King grants the Icelanders a free constitution, and renounces all claim to their allegiance. This connection with Denmark results only from the annexation of the Crown of Norway to that of Denmark in 1380. That subsisting between Iceland and Norway was closer since the island was first colonised by Northmen. It was discovered in 860, but the great migration from Norway took place in 870 and a few following years, when the Jarls, or Norwegian magnates, with their retainers, fled from the tyranny of Harold Harfager, that terrible monarch who swore that his long fair hair should never be cut till he had broken the power of the Jarls. In 874, therefore, the persecuted Republicans constituted the Republic of Iceland, the institutions of which have remained unaltered from that time till now, and the Althing, or House of Representatives, has met annually for a thousand years on the lava beds of Thingwalla, which, during the coming summer, will be thronged by hundreds of visitors anxious to assist at a commemoration which, though interesting to all students of political institutions, must be especially so to those whose Utopia is governed on Republican principles.

Bancroft's Odd Notions.—Bancroft (remarks the *City Press*) was a very remarkable person, and caused some stir in his life-time. He entertained strange views as to the hereafter. He had an idea that he would return at a certain period after his death to his former position. He had acquired some wealth, by what means is not exactly known, but he was a lover of money, and in some cases scrupled not to do what a more liberal mind would have scorned. Before he died he took the precaution of preventing what he had always feared for the future. He purchased the site of his tomb in St. Helen's Church, and had his coffin fitted up so that the lid could be easily opened. He then left all his money for the erection of the hospital in the Mile End-road, and directed by the same will as that containing this bequest, that the trustees were to visit his body yearly in the month of May for ever, and that if they failed in so doing, the hospital should revert to other hands. The custom has, however, fallen into disuetude.

Dispute about Turkeys.—Two farmers at Vermont, U.S., occupying adjoining farms, each had a flock of Turkeys, one numbering 25 and the other 10 birds. The lesser band, whose social instincts were not satisfied by a perpetual "small and early," joined the larger party, and the united flocks spent the season merrily enough, pushing through narrow hedge-rows, and crowding round their provendor in truly fashionable style, till the owners resolved to part them and claim their own property. The owner of the small flock claimed 10, but his neighbour would only admit that he had five, and only two of the number could be recognised by both farmers as belonging to the smaller flock. To owner of these went to law, and recovered ten turkeys, the other appealed and was excused five, but had to pay the costs, amounting, at the end of the second trial, to 300 dollars. Less expense would have been incurred had the turkeys been simply requested to "sort themselves."

The Hydraulic Lift at Malta.—The *Malta Times* says: "The screw steamer Paraguay, with a full cargo of Indian corn, weighing altogether over 3000 tons, lately arrived here with broken propeller and an exceedingly foul bottom, causing her to make a very long run from Port Said. She was taken on the pontoon of the hydraulic dock, and in the brief period of 24 hours had her propeller removed and a spare one fitted; she was also cleaned and refloated; all this being effected without her having had to discharge any portion of her cargo. This achievement reflects great credit on the hydraulic lift, and shows that under able management even more can be done with it than was originally intended. While on this subject, we may mention a similar instance which occurred on the 23rd of February last, when the screw steamer Harrington arrived in this island with a full cargo from India, and having so foul a bottom as to be utterly unable to reach England in anything like a reasonable time. She was lifted on the pontoon at 2 o'clock of that day, had her bottom completely scraped to the keel and cleaned, and at 6 p.m. of the same day she was floated again and ready to proceed to sea, which she did a few hours afterwards, to the great satisfaction of the agents and the captain. The latter was so pleased at what had been done to his vessel and so successfully in so brief a space of time—four hours—that he wrote to the owners of the vessel signifying that by the very reasonable expenditure incurred in docking the Harrington at Malta he had been enabled to effect a saving, both in the consumption of fuel and in the time thus gained in the speed of the passage home, of nearly £500. We understand that English owners are further availing themselves of the Malta Dock by arranging by telegraph short stoppages for their vessels at Malta, where they find everything in readiness for docking, cleaning, and painting the bottoms, which is done with greater facility at Malta than in England. Considering the casualities and defects which vessels and their machinery often undergo between England and India, it would be difficult to overrate the great value to our steam mercantile marine of this Malta Hydraulic Dock.

Gallant Defeat of Banditti.—The town of La Chiniba, in Bolivia, was on April 18th the scene of a daring incursion of bandits, and their gallant discomfiture. Details have been received by the West Indian Mail steamer Tasmanian. Fifty armed men lay in wait at night in a ravine, and in the morning, while the inhabitants of La Chinibo were still slumbering, entered the town and pillaged the houses, indiscriminately shooting down all who opposed them. But a brave patriot from a neighbouring town, hearing of the affair gathered a band of 16 volunteers and hastened to the rescue, arriving about noon. The robbers, relying on their superior numbers, sallied out and fought, but came off decidedly the worse, having lost 13 killed, eight wounded, and 10 prisoners. The volunteers lost one killed and two wounded. Hereupon the leader of the robbers, Fernando Zarate, made off, but he was closely pursued, captured, brought back to the town, and lynched by the infuriated populace, in spite of the strenuous efforts made by the authorities to prevent it. Five more of the cut-throats have since been captured.

Ladies' New Out-of-Door Game.—A correspondent says: The shopkeepers are exceedingly anxious to impress on ladies who have croquet lawns that Badminton, a new out-of-door game, will supersede croquet this season. With all due deference to India, from whence the game has been imported, a breezy country like ours will only make the game possible on calm days. A strip of netting, about four or five feet wide, and long in proportion to the ground on which the game is to be played, is attached to two poles, one end of the netting to each. The poles are erected at either end of the ground, so as to stretch the netting and divide the ground into two parts. The players, each standing on one side of the netting, at a distance marked drawn by a line, their hands armed with rackets, to drive shuttlecocks backwards and forwards over the top of the line formed by the netting, a score being kept of the number of hits and deductions made from the side which allows the shuttlecock to fall. As a game, it is a capital one—gives good exercise, and requires little skill to acquire dexterity in it, but nine weather is essential to enjoy it thoroughly.

Proposed Amalgamation of Two Sorts of Gardens.—It has often struck us (*Echo*) that the interests of the two sorts of public gardens so popular amongst us—the Zoological and the Botanical—would be greatly increased by amalgamation. The splendid plumage of the parroquets and macaws, and the lovely forms of the lithe and graceful deer, would add attraction to the flowers, while the characteristics of the great beasts—the lions, tigers, hippopotami, and giraffes—would come out with tenfold force if set off with some of the vegetation of their native climes. Even a sub-tropical garden, such as that covering the lovely terrace, would have an immensely improving effect as a background, but much might be done (were the public to support such a suggestion) to attempt an approximation to the "fitness of things" still more accurate. It is proposed, for example, that there is to be a large new range of dens for the lions and tigers at the head of the existing "Carnivora Terrace." Why should not such dens be surrounded, back, sides, and front, with the large rough jungle grasses through which the lordly brutes would seem once more to wander at will? Why should not the tiny flora of Spitzbergen be grouped near the Polar bears? Why should not a palm house stand alongside of the warm home of the cameleopards? And why should not the tanks of the rhinoceros and the hippotamus be bordered with the tall flags and bulrushes amid which those unwieldy leviathans might take their pleasure.

Pere Hyacinthe in Holland.—During his visit to the Dutch Universities Père Hyacinthe was received with the greatest enthusiasm. At Leyden he delivered an address before the students and the professors. The Municipality of the town and several members of the Royal family were also present. The subject was: "Roman theocracy and liberty," and his discourse produced a profound impression. A second lecture was given on the subject of "the family," at the conclusion of which a committee of citizens presented the lecturer with a magnificent Bible illustrated by Bida. The Père is to return at once to Geneva, and has been obliged to refuse a number of solicitations to speak in different parts of the Low Countries. His excursion into Holland was undertaken on the invitation of four great Universities of that country.

A Race of Black Pigmies.—Schweinfurth, who has been penetrating far into Central Africa, somewhat to the northward of the scene of Livingstone's operations, discovered, if we may believe his solemn statement, a race of sable "Pigmies." They are, of course, not an amiable, civilised community, as were Gulliver's diminutive friends of Liliput, but wild savages, black as Erebus, with big, fierce eyes, and ferociously shaggy hair and beards. To be sure, they are not very tiny, the average height of the males being four feet seven; but this is small enough to make them a marked exception to the rest of the known specimens of humanity. They are very fond of hunting, and even of engaging in wars with their bigger neighbours, whom they attack with great zeal in large numbers; and the enterprising Dr. Schweinfurth suspects them of being cannibals. He succeeded in inducing one of the Akkas—the name of the pigmy race—to go with him to Europe; but little Tikkitikki, having overfed himself with unaccustomed rich food in Egypt to the great loss of the European curiosity-lovers, and the anthropologists of Germany, died under the doctor's hand. It is conjectured by Schweinfürth that the Akkas are the aboriginal Africans, and he asserts that they appear, from their hairy persons and their decidedly monkeyish manners, to bring man a degree nearer to Darwin's "missing link." Herodotus, it seems, asserted that there was such a pigmy race in the African interior, though his account implies that they were more wonderfully small than are the Akkas; and his other statements about people "who use their feet for umbrellas," and so on, have given incredulity to his statement about dwarfs.

The Police in Switzerland.—Dr. Guillaume, director of the Penitentiary in Neuchâtel, has published some valuable statistics relative to the police organisation in the Confederation. Dr. Guillaume was deputed by the Conseil Fédéral to represent Switzerland at the Congress held in London for the amelioration of the penitentiary system in 1872, where he came in contact with the representatives of the principal civilised nations met to discuss the subject. His observations were embodied in a report presented to the Conseil Fédéral; and this his latest publication forms a sort of appendix to the report. It results from study and observation that there is much to be accomplished before the police organisation of Switzerland is up to that standard which is absolutely required in the interests of social security. From the statistics published by Dr. Guillaume it transpires that there are in Switzerland, 1670 agents of Cantonal police; which for a population of 2,655,113 souls gives a gendarme for each 1590 inhabitants. Bâle ville has the largest number in proportion to its population, viz., 80 gendarmes, or one for every 597 citizens; Geneva comes next with one for every 832; Neuchâtel one for every 900, and Friburg one for 990. The conclusions drawn from a comparison of the Swiss police with that of other countries, more especially England, are that in order to have an effective force the men must be intelligent, educated, honest, and well paid.

Making Turtle in London.—The *Pictorial World* says: Mr. Whitfield, the ever-ready and courteous manager of the rare old tavern, can put a talisman in our hand which will reveal to us the mysteries even of Callipash and Callipee; of thick and clear turtle, and of the difference between fin and meat, which has kept the city in a pleasant humour ever since the London Tavern itself was opened in 1768, and the strange soup was made inseparable from civic banquets. Here are the "fish" themselves actually "walloping" about in a great tank near the entrance to the wine-cellars, and one of them is already laid on the table in the big kitchen overhead for our inspection. That kitchen is but a dozen paces from the passage of the hall itself. No underground disguises mar its operations, and the way to it lies through a housekeeper's pantry, where comely still-room maids are already arranging the fruit-dishes for to-night's feast. In yonder row of cauldrons the turtle simmers, and as you peer amidst the steam that follows the lifted lid, a faint odour of elementary soup comes up, as a head or a fin-tip rises to the surface to show the genuineness of the savoury stew. There are few busier scenes in all the busy city than this light, airy kitchen, where, before the great cooking-range long spits revolve, impaling dozens of fowls, and mighty saddles, ribs, and sirloins hiss and frizzle in the fervid heat, behind a tall screen where the attendant baster has to screen his eyes from the fire. One of these glorious "joints" is now being borne towards a spruce-necked waiter, who receives it cordially to his arms and staggers off with it, for the dinner upstairs is progressing; and the "pastry chef" is directing the finishing of those trifles—light as air—which are made so deftly, and so delicately cooked, that they come out like the result of some great conjuring trick. Meantime the principal—or chef in command—with cap of velvet and knife in sheath as his insignia, marshals his forces and directs his battalion so that each course goes up in fit procession.

Cheating at Cards.—A gentleman writes to the *New York Times* to record the extraordinary fact that, while playing whist the other day in a railway carriage, he found that one of his opponents had dealt he held the thirteen trumps in his hand. This occurred, he says, when the cards had been shuffled and cut in the usual manner; and he proceeds to worry the editor by asking whether such a thing has ever happened before, and what are the odds against it happening again. The latter is the celebrated ballad which describes how the swindle of the apparently simple heathen was frustrated occur irresistibly:

"Then I looked upon Nye
And he looked upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, 'Can such things be?'
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour.' And
he
Went for that heathen Chinee."

If a stranger invited his companions in a railway carriage to play whist, and then dealt himself the thirteen trumps, we fear that the predominant feeling of his opponents would be to "go for him" rather than to write to the paper, and ask if it were not very extraordinary.

An Affecting Epitaph.—There is to be seen—we believe, in a cemetery near New York—the following affecting epitaph:

"Here lies Jonathan Thompson,
A kind Husband, and an affectionate Parent,
His disconsolate Widow continues to carry on
The Tripe and Trotter business
At the same place as before her Bereavement."

Sir David Wilkie's Opinion of Edinburgh.—"What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Saltzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found realised the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis."—*Scottish Anecdotes.*

THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER X.

FRESH DANGERS.

"I wish you wern't so plaguy fond of fighting, Larry," said Dawson, testily.

"Indeed, an' its meself that don't," said Larry; "it's a great accomplishment, sor, that we Cork boys are all born wid. It's in the soil. An' now shall we rouse the masther?"

"Stop a bit," said Dawson, still busy with his glass, which was very powerful and rendered objects in that wonderfully clear atmosphere exceedingly distinct. "Let me see, five, six, seven, eight—there are eight of them; and they are on our track, but they have not seen us yet."

Larry shook his head dubiously.

"If they had they would have been in full pursuit, and they have just come to a halt; some are sitting down."

"Bud they must have seen us, yer honour."

"Can you see them yourself, Larry?"

"Well, no, yer honour, I can't," he answered, after a long look, sheltering his eyes with his hand.

"Then, why should they see us?"

"Sure an' they might have a little spaking-trumpet-glass like that," said Larry.

"Not they. And they are quite two miles away."

"They were only wan, yer honour, when I looked," said Larry, who was determined to hold his ground.

"Two Larry—quite two," said Dawson, leading the way to where the mules were tethered.

"They were only wan mile away when I looked," said Larry to himself; "an' sure an' didn't I see him pull out the spaking-trumpet-thing a bit longer when he took it from me? an' that made 'em farther off. Well, anyhow, I'm glad we're both right."

Dawson took another long look at the party in pursuit, this time seeming to Larry to pull out the three slides of the telescope to such an extent that he said in a serio-comic way:

"Sure, sor, they must be three miles off now."

"No, Larry, only close upon two; and, as I thought, they are eating and drinking; some are lying down. So we will load up the mules quietly; then, when all is ready, wake the sleepers and say nothing; only push on as fast as we can, and the chances are that we can dodge those scoundrels yet, without alarming our party."

"But won't they think they've been aslape a mighty short time?" said Larry.

"Not they; for people can't measure time when their eyes are closed in rest. No, Larry, we won't alarm them, only get on quickly, and, finding no trace of us, the fellows may give up the pursuit as useless——"

"Unless they see where them horse jackasses have been, yer honour," said Larry, finishing the sentence his own way, for Dawson had paused.

His companion nodded, and the next minute they were busily lading the mules.

This was achieved pretty well, though Larry was anything but an adept at a task that requires considerable practice, and in which he got into difficulties with one of the animals he was loading.

The task was nearly completed, and Dawson was tightening a lariat here and there, when his attention was taken by an exclamation from Larry.

"Look at that now! Kick would ye, ye baste, when I've been putting on your pack that aisy that you ought to go down on your knees to me with gratchichude. An' if you was only a respictable donkey, instead of a dirty baste of a mule, widout a single relation to call your own, I'd play sich a chune on your ribs wid my stick as should make 'em feel sore for a week afterwards whinever ye looked at me."

Then there was a little more dragging at ropes and tightening packs.

"Ah! Be aisy now will ye," cried Larry to the mule. "Is it lifting that left hind leg at me ye'd be in that threatening way. Ye'll have it dreckly, Misther Mule, you will."

Another knot and the task would have been done, when Larry, busily hauling the rope tight, suddenly uttered a howl and jumped a couple of yards.

"Did ye see that now?" he cried. "The ungrateful baste! An' after the pains I'd been taking, ketches howlt of me he does in the back part of me duds with his teeth an' sthruck me—sthruck me twiced. Bad luck to him; his pack may come rowlin' off his back every stip of the way an' aggravating him till he can't kick, an' it's meself that won't interfere."

"Hold his head, Larry, and I'll finish," said Dawson, who was too anxious to smile. So Larry took hold of the mule's bridle while the finishing touch was given.

"Bud it's a wicked rowlin' eye he's got of his own, yer honour," said Larry; "he's been running it all over me person, sarching for a soft spot to kick; but, by the howly tuber, I'll be inthroducing him to my stick, and letting thim make frinds—they'll agree together wondherful. I'll go bail."

Larry winked at the mule as he spoke, and the cunning beast laid its ears down flat, tucked its tail between its legs, rolled its eyes, and squealed softly, giving one of its legs a quiver the while as if ready for a kick.

"Sure an' we undherstand one another wondherful, Mr. Dawson, sor."

Dawson nodded, and then ran across the intervening space and woke up the sleepers.

"Now, then, ladies," he said; "quick, please; we have a long journey before nightfall."

Adams started up as if alarmed, but the next minute he was helping his wife and sister to mount, while Ike, the half-breed, gave a sharp look up at the sun, and then glanced right and left.

"I could hardly have thought I had been asleep a minute," said Mrs. Adams, laughing as the little mule train once more was put in motion. Ike leading as before, Adams walking by the side of his wife, and Dawson and Larry forming a rear guard.

"They're not obliged to see this halting place, Larry, unless they come right out of the track," said Dawson, thoughtfully, as he did what he could with the Irishman's help to remove all traces of the halt.

"D'ye think they'll see the bits o' rice, Misther Dawson, sor?"

"I hope not, Larry, in this hard stony soil. Now then, tramp on, for we must make a long stretch this time, and try to get out of the valley before they can overtake us."

"Oh, they won't overtake us, yer honour; we'll be too many for 'em."

"Too many for them, Larry?"

"Sure, yes. We'll lay thraps for 'em, and deludher 'em, and come down upon 'em heavy, like the little wayver of Duleek gate did upon the flies. Bud have another shoot at 'em wid that spy-glass-thing of yours before we turn this shouldher of the mountain, sor."

Dawson rested upon a huge boulder, and took a long and careful look at the enemy.

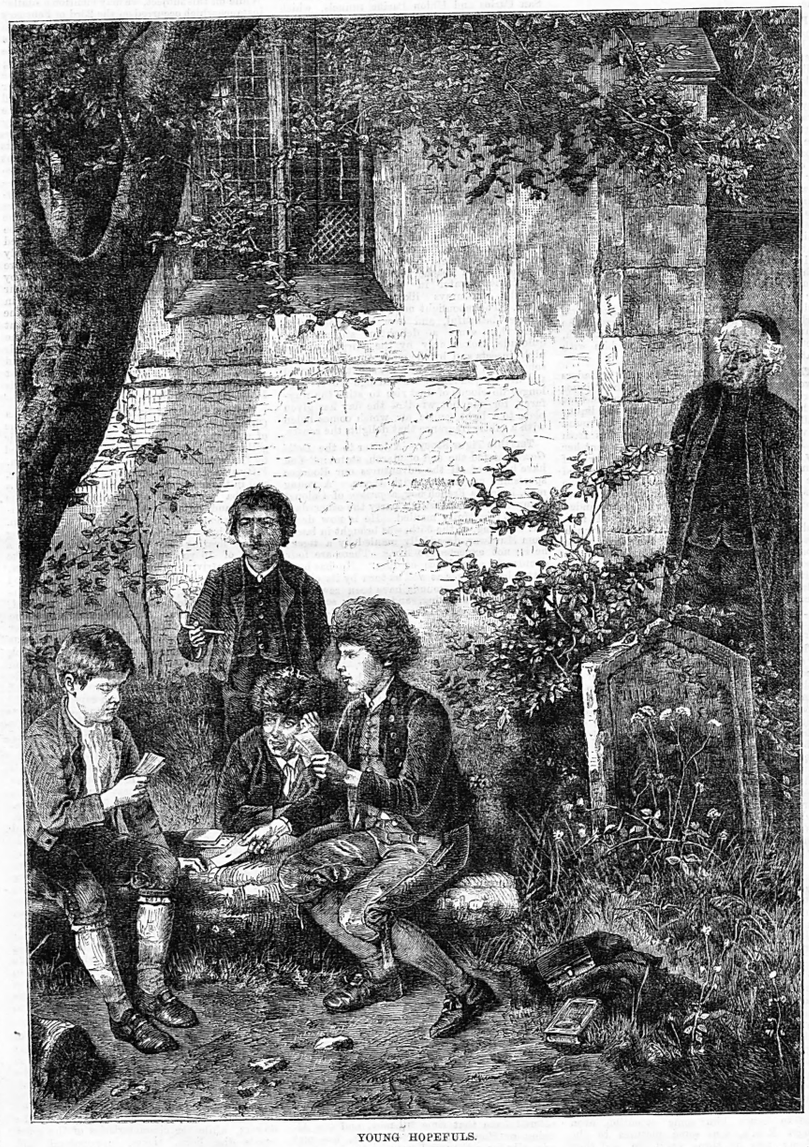
"They have not moved, Larry; and there's one sitting up on a stone, rifle in hand, keeping watch."

"Let him," said Larry, as they pressed on, for the train was some quarter of a mile in advance, and they tramped on over the rough stones and rocky fragments with the sun beating down upon their heads, and seeming to strike up again from the dry sterile soil.

There was no mistaking the route, for, till the end of the valley was reached, they were shut in, as it were, by high walls, only accessible by scaling.

"Keep your eye to the right and left, Larry, and see if you can make out the mule tracks," said Dawson; for there was no beaten way, and, though taking the same direction, they might not be themselves within thirty or forty yards of where the string of mules had passed.

"An' it's what I've been doing this long time," said Larry; but the footprints don't show. Now, if it was a bit of dacent bog in Cork, there'd be



YOUNG HOPEFULS.

ivery stip as clare as if made with a sayle in a bit o' wax."

"Then we'll thank our stars that this isn't Cork, Larry. I must frankly say that I can't make out that trail, and if we can't, I don't see why those scoundrels should."

"Bedad, now look at that!" exclaimed Larry.

"Look at what, man?"

"Thim little bits o' white rice lying down there. It's another howl in the bag, yer honour, and I'll run forrid and tie it up, while you pick up the bits."

Larry bounded forward as he spoke, and in a few minutes overtook the party, went over the mule packages and found at once the leaking bag, which he pointed out to Adams,

"Kape on," said Larry, "I'll tie it up as we go along;" and he took out a piece of string with one hand as he held the bag with the other.

"Did it show plainly?" said Adams, anxiously.

"Quite plainly enough, yer honour; but we want the rice to ate, and not to feed the birds ov the air, if there are any out here. It's mighthy strange, Misther Ikey, though," he said to the mule driver; "how wondherful the sun makes the rice bags burst. An ignorant baste ov a fellow now would have gone an' thought as somebody had just sticked his knife into that there bag."

"It must have cracked when the mule kicked. He's a regular brute to kick that one is," said Ike.

"Hit him over the head thin next time he does," said Larry, tightening the knot.

Ikey gave his head a shake, and smiled a melancholy smile, Larry finishing his task and allowing the train to pass on till he was walking in the rear with Adams.

"Jist you keep your eye on that half niggur-sort of a fellow, masther dear," said Larry.

"But surely you don't think he is not to be trusted, Larry?"

"Jist as far as you can see him, yer honour, and no farther. He belongs to a sort of man as would niver take anything that was out of his reach."

"Don't be such a prejudiced fool, Larry," said Dawson, who had joined them. "Ike is as honest a fellow as you are."

"Sure, that isn't sayin' much for his crackter, yer honour," said Larry, with a twinkle of his eye.

Dawson laughed.

"Look here, Larry," he said; "if I thought that that fellow Ike was playing us false I'd——"

He did not finish his sentence; but there was an ugly look upon his face as he turned round sharply to Adams.

"Did Larry tell you we were pursued?"

"Pursued!" exclaimed Adams. "No; why how's this, Larry?"

"Sure, yer honour, Misther Dawson, that's the layder of the expedition, an' he give me no ordhers."

And now, as they kept on their weary tramp, the sun began to sink lower and lower, turning the tops of the mountains to gold; the heat grew less intense; but the path if anything more rough, for they were ever winding in and out amongst great fragments of rock, the valley wearing all the appearance of the bed of some mighty mountain stream that had suddenly dried and left the vast boulders, late the parents of mighty eddies and whirlpools in the rushing stream, in the places to which they had been borne by the torrent. There seemed to be no tokens of the valley coming to an end, but their progress had been necessarily slow, and they had the satisfaction of knowing that their pursuers could come on at no better rate.

At last, as they were coming to the end of a long straight sweep, Dawson paused to take a careful observation of the ground over which they had passed; and his brow clouded as he saw the enemy were in full pursuit, and must soon come within sight.

The questions then which he discussed with Adams were these: Should they press on? or, as soon as it began to grow dusk, seek for a hiding place amongst the rocks and lie there till

"Larry was quite right," said Dawson. "I thought it better not to communicate the fact till we were well on the road again, and also to keep it from the women."

"And we wasted time there in sleep," exclaimed Adams.

"It was not discovered by Larry till you had lain down, and we were on the march again in little more than half an hour."

"But we are going on at a snail's pace," exclaimed Adams.

"Quite right for the desert here," said Dawson, smiling. "Our escape must be by endurance and cunning, not by speed; ours are mules, my dear fellow, not race-horses."

"Then what do you propose doing?"

"Keeping steadily on to the end of the valley, and then striking right off south-east. Then if we can contrive to get away without leaving a trail it is next to impossible that they should be able to track us."

"And how far does this walled-in valley extend?"

"I do not exactly know—many miles yet; but don't look gloomy, old fellow, there is nothing to apprehend at present."

Frank Adams strode on, very quiet and thoughtful, for the feeling was strong upon him that he had done wrong in thus tempting the dangers of this vast wilderness. But it was too late to retreat, and he strode on over the rough stones, involuntarily examining his rifle and revolver.

"Tut, tut," he muttered, "I thought I loaded both," as he examined the empty chambers and placed in cartridges, for he had breech-loaders, and could charge as he walked.

This act incited Dawson to examine his own pieces, to find them charged—they had not left his hand, save to be laid down for a moment at his side.

their pursuers had passed them, trusting afterwards to their own skill to avoid a second encounter?

The latter plan was the one decided upon, as in a long pursuit the scoundrels must sooner or later overtake them, heavily laden as their mules were, so they kept steadily on, taking care to keep as low down in the valley as they could.

Larry was now deputed to help Ike with the mules, and try to get the weary beasts on a little faster, which the Irishman did by coaxing and patting them, and saying a few encouraging words, while Ike, on the contrary, seemed disposed to tease and worry them. There was one mule in particular, the animal that had kicked and bitten at Larry, which Ike had roused up to such a pitch of animosity that he had only to advance a hand as if to touch it, when the animal would shake its head and squeal out a sort of defiance.

This the fellow kept up every now and then, till Larry went and walked up the other side of the mule, after a laughing look at Mrs. Adams; and, laying his hand upon the animal's bridle, he stooped down as if listening to a remark.

"He says he'll be obliged if you'll stop thim thricks, Mr. Ike," said Larry, aloud; "and he's asked me to take his part if you won't."

The half-breed looked at him with a peculiar grin upon his countenance; but he said nothing. He let the mule jog on, however, in peace, and after proceeding another mile, Dawson came to the front and called a halt.

"We'll shift in to the side here," he said, quietly, "and camp."

"But the moon will be shining full upon that side in an hour," said Adams, "and the other side will be in the shade."

"The very reason why we should pick this side," said Dawson, in a whisper. "There is plenty of room for concealment; and they are safe to examine the dark side in preference to the light."

Adams nodded, and they carefully led the mules through the stony labyrinth to a hollow nearly surrounded by rocks, and lying about a hundred yards to the left of the track they had made so far. Here by the time they had tethered the mules, and given them food, the moon was shining full with a bright silvery clearness almost like that of day; but the rocks threw the part where they had camped into as black a shadow as was to be seen on the other side of the valley.

It was a rugged little hollow that which they had chosen, fortified for them by nature; and while they could crouch in the thick shadows, no one could pass without travelling a long bare stretch of the valley almost free from stones.

Dawson was not long in making his arrangements for their defence, should defence prove necessary, Ike being armed, and placed on one side of Adams, nearest the mules, while Larry, who refused to take other weapon than his stick, was placed to defend an opening between a couple of rocks, Dawson choosing a spot where he could command the approach of the foe.

"What would I want wid a gun?" muttered Larry, as he took his place—for Dawson had spoken sharply to him about his obstinacy in giving up his piece in this time of emergency—"sure I might shute meself or somebody else, and if I didn't, pop! says he jist wanst, and thin where are ye? What's the good of it, ye can't sthreck a good blow wid it, an' it's in your way. Gun, indeed! what would I want wid a gun?"

"There's something wrong, is there not, Mr. Dawson?" said Mary Adams, speaking to him in a whisper, that her sister might not hear.

"Wrong?" he said in the same low tone. "What, because we prudently fortify our camp at night, now we are in an enemy's country?"

"Mr. Dawson," said Mary, "you are trifling with me. Are not we women worthy of trust that you keep us like this in the dark?"

"If we do," he said in a low, soft voice; "it is because we think it for your good."

"Never mind," she said earnestly; "this is the first favour I ever asked of you; tell me then—I have suspected it for some hours, ever since that hurried start—are we not pursued?"

"Miss Mary Adams has but to ask of me to have," he said softly. "If she bade me give up my life I should do it."

"Mr. Dawson, I ask you a simple question," said Mary, whose voice trembled in spite of herself. "Can you not give me a plain answer?"

"Yes."

"We are pursued?"

"Yes."

"By those scoundrels who attacked us?"

"I fear so."

"And there is great danger?"

"For them—yes—if they try to molest us."

"Oh, my poor sister!"

"Miss Adams—Mary," he whispered. "Listen, there is very little to fear. The scoundrels might pass us a dozen times without thinking of searching more here than in any other part of the valley. By the morning they may be miles away, and in this great region the chances are a million to one that we ever see them again."

"But there is something to fear?"

"Well, yes, a little; but even if that happened we could beat them off."

"What then is there to fear?"

"The mules."

"How—the mules?"

"If they made a noise or whinnied when those fellows were passing it would betray us."

CHAPTER XI.

HOW IKE WOULD HAVE TICKLED THE MULES.

Mary Adams had returned to her sister, who, poor thing, tired out with the hot weary journey, was sleeping placidly, with her head resting upon one of the packs, and a rug spread over her to protect her from the night dew. Adams was at his post, stern and watchful, and Ike and Larry were at theirs. The silence was even awful in the midst of that strange weird valley, all piled up with grey rock, silvered by the moon and shewing clean-cut black shadows. Occasionally the soft munching noise of one of the mules could be heard as it tasted over again in fancy the evening's ration; then all again was silence till Dawson in a whisper passed the word to Adams that their pursuers were in sight.

"Tell Larry and Ike to be watchful and silent, keeping well in the shadow. Your wife and sister are, I hope, asleep."

"I'll see and warn them," was the reply.

He crept across to where his wife slept, and Mary laid her hand upon his arm.

"Give me a pistol," she whispered.

"A what?"

"A pistol," she said calmly. "I might want it to protect your wife."

He hesitated for a moment, and then placed one in her hand, before going on to find Larry and Ike both watchful.

"All depends now, Larry, on the silence of the mules," whispered Adams.

"Does it, sor? Then the bastes had betther howld their tongues, or it'll be the worse for thim."

Adams returned to his post, and as he did so he became aware of the fact that there were heavy footsteps stumbling along over the broken fragments of rock, and then there was a confused buzz of voices.

From where he crouched, he could only command a narrow strip of the valley; but in the silence, though their pursuers spoke in a subdued tone of voice, every word was perfectly audible.

"I'm pretty sewer," said one voice, with an accompanying oath, "that we've passed 'em, and that they're hiding somewhere back."

"How can that be, when not five hundred yards back there was a patch of the rice?"

"Made a capital trail to hunt 'em by, eh, lads? An Injun couldn't have done better."

"I'm getting precious tired," growled another, "and I shall vote we camp down before we go much farther."

"Nonsense! we shall catch 'em in another mile."

The position of the fugitives was now awful, and the men felt the great drops of perspiration stealing down their faces as they waited in agonising suspense. It was only a question of moments, but they seemed to be drawn out into hours, as the party came straggling on—came right abreast of where they were hid—were nearly passed—quite passed. Thank heaven they were safe!

Dawson's heart seemed to have stood still; and for a few moments he had been blaming himself for not cutting the throats of the mules. It would have been a suicidal act, as far as their project was concerned and must have resulted in a return to Frisco, but what was that as compared with the safety of those women.

However, the scoundrels were past, and the mules had been silent; the last man was already some dozen yards by the rock, trudging slowly on, little thinking that there was the deadly barrel of a rifle, resting upon a rock, effectually covering him, and that a step in a certain direction would have been the signal for a sharp bright burst of flame from that

barrel, and a leaden messenger to seek his breast.

Safe then, and——

"Hallo! what's that?" cried a rough voice.

For there rose on the still night air a sharp hollow noise as of a blow, and Dawson felt as if being choked, for the noise had come from the direction of the mules, and it seemed to him as if one must have kicked another.

He listened for a sharp whinnying voice and more kicking, but all was still, save the talking of the scoundrels who had now come to a halt in the bright moonlight, and their words could be heard from beginning to end.

"It came from over that side," said one.

"I tell you it didn't; it came from this side."

"It don't matter which side it came," growled another. "It was a bit of shaley stone fell from one of the rocks. I've heard the same thing scores o' times."

"I believe it was old Jake kicked again a rock," laughed another.

"Or you butted that thick old block o' yourn again one," was the retort.

"Well let's have a look, lads," said the voice that seemed to belong to the leader. "They may be hiding here. Look to your weapons and come on. Now then, you."

This was directed at a couple of the men on ahead, but they shouted in reply:

"It's all right. Come on."

"What's all right?"

"Here's the trail again."

"What, the rice?"

"Yes; and it leads on right away."

"Come on, lads," the leader growled; "we shall soon nail 'em now, and then, Master Paddy ——"

The end of his speech was inaudible as he tramped on, and Dawson saw him stoop again and again in the moonlight, as if to examine something that was pointed out to him on the ground; then the noise of footsteps grew fainter like the buzzing of voices, and at last all was silent.

"What was that noise?" said Dawson, as soon as the party had congratulated itself upon its escape; and where's Ike?"

"I think it was one of the two mules kicking," said Adams. "It is wonderful how quiet they were. If those scoundrels had any mules they would have been sure to whinner to one another."

"But where's Ike?" said Dawson again in an undertone, for Mrs. Adams was sleeping calmly throughout all.

"Sure he's lying down there, sor," said Larry, pointing towards the mules.

"Asleep?"

"Well, no, sor, not exactly aslape."

"Did you hear that noise, Larry?" said Dawson.

"Faith, sor, and I did. I couldn't help hearing it."

"And was it the mules?"

"Well, no, sor, it wasn't the mules; but it very nearly was the mules, for if once wan of 'em had begun to squale, the howl lot would have started."

"What a round-about fellow you are, Larry," said Dawson.

"Sure, yer honour, an' it's thin as a hurdle I am."

"Tut, tut! You heard that noise, didn't you?"

"I did, yer honour."

"And you know what it was?"

"Faith an' I do."

"Then what was it?"

"Well, you see, Misther Dawson, sor, that there Ike has got a bad habit of tickling one of the mules, that little kicking devil, an' it makes him squale."

"To be sure, I've seen him at it out of pure mischief," said Dawson.

"Hark at him now, yer honour," said Larry "an' isn't that crobbative evidence?"

"There, go on," said Dawson.

"To be sure I will, yer honour," said Larry. "Well, jist as thim boys was agoin' by, yer honour, I sees Misther Ikey crape towards the mules, and he was jist about to tickle that little kicking rascal, when I opens me mouth to say 'lave him alone,' in a voice of thunder, when 'Arrah! Larry,' I sez to meself, I says, 'what will Misther Dawson say if you spake now. Give the spalpeen a hint; and so, yer honour, I did."

"You gave him a hint?"

"To be sure I did, yer honour, wid my stick just on the back of his head; an' it persuaded him, so that he lay down and hasn't moved since, while, as yer honour knows, the mules didn't squale at all."

CHAPTER XII.

RECONNOITRING TO SOME PURPOSE.

Dawson remained silent for a few moments, during which he went and turned over Ike, who was lying quite still, and who gave a faint groan on being touched.

"I don't know what to say, Larry," he muttered at last; "I don't like distrusting a man in whom I have placed implicit faith. But stop!" he said—"that rice!"

"Well, yer honour," said Larry, "Masther Ike let his knife into the bag, and dribbled it all the way along. Jist a bit farther an' I took it in me pockets, and kept droppin' a bit for half a mile before we began to watch."

Dawson stood out in doubt, but Adams spoke up.

"Dawson," he said, "my life on it, you may trust Larry."

Dawson did not reply, but stood gnawing his lips. It was rather hard upon him to be called suddenly to believe that the man in whom he had trusted had tried to betray them. A man whom he had known for years, while his intercourse with Larry had been of very brief duration; and after all this might be a bit of jealousy between the two, and the cunning Irishman had seized the opportunity to strike a foul blow.

"His honour, Misther Dawson, don't seem to believe me," said Larry. "Well, an' I don't ask him to. Only, look here, let him keep his eye on the gintleman himself."

"I will, Larry," he said, quietly; and then, after seing to the man's injuries, arrangements were made by which Frank Adams kept the watch, and the rest lay down to sleep in tolerable security, for there was not much prospect of the ruffians returning now to search the hollow where they were hid; in fact, the chances were in that long dale of wild hollows and piled-up rocks that they would not be able to identify the spot again.

Adams kept his lonely watch as the shadows cast by the moon gradually veered round from west to north, and then towards the east. Hardly a sound met his ear, save now and again the low dismal howl of the coyote, that shirking dog-like wolf of the far west; once or twice, too, sounds arose to which he could not give a name, and he listened in a somewhat awe-stricken way till the absence of repetition made their memory grow faint.

It was a strangely weird sight, that rocky valley by moonlight; and it was hard work to keep from thinking that in every black shadow there was not a watching desperado taking careful aim with his piece.

But the small hours arrived without an alarm, and then Larry was roused up to take his master's place, watching till the first streak of gold appeared in the sky, when the whole party was awakened, and a hasty meal prepared, though they dared not light a fire, for fear of drawing attention to their position, if any of the ruffians were still in the neighbourhood.

Dawson spoke a few words to his man about quarrelling with Larry; and the fellow's eyes glittered, as he looked full in his master's, trying to read how much Larry had said.

"It is impossible for our expedition to succeed," said Dawson, in conclusion, "if you and that stupid Irishman get to loggerheads. And mind this: don't you attempt to touch him, or I shall take his part."

Then his behaviour last night was not put down to treachery, and the Irishman had said nothing. So much the better for him.

An early start was desirable, before the sun grew hot; so, while the mules were being laden—a task which Dawson himself superintended, carefully watching, as if to see that Larry and Ike of the tied-up head did not quarrel—it fell to Adams to take the glass, and

SUMMER TIME.

go on straight down the valley and reconnoitre.

This he did most carefully, ascending eminence after eminence, so as to get a good sweep with the glass; and he returned at last with the news that there were no traces of the enemy in sight, so the little train went forward, with the difference that, instead of Dawson and Larry forming a rear-guard, they went far in advance as scouts.

Mary Adams had trembled that morning as she thought of her conversation during the night with Dawson; but he had preserved towards her a quiet respectful demeanour, and Mrs. Adams, who had felt disposed to banter her somewhat about their cavalier, said nothing, little thinking of the danger to which they had been exposed during the night.

Adams, as he plodded on by the side of the mules, seeing to the comfort of the women, and that all went right, took notice of more than one fact that day. Firstly, he observed that the rice did not burst the bags, and trickle slowly out upon the stony track; secondly, the mules seemed to go forward at a much brisker pace, Ike being, in spite of his sore head, full of animation, and cheering the sure-footed little beasts on their way, they responding well in spite of their heavy burdens and the heat.

"It is curious," said Adams to himself, as he looked firmly at the muleteer, whose eager eyes were apparently always on the watch peering to right and left, and away forward towards the end of the valley, which, as far as they could see for the glare of the sun, seemed in the distance to be opening out—the tall-scarped rocks on either side dwindling down into the plain.

And then the young Englishman's thoughts took a very sombre turn, for his suspicions had been aroused, and once aroused it was not in his nature for the doubts to be easily allayed. He knew Larry, or thought he did. At all events he trusted him. Larry looked upon this half-breed as ready to betray them; so Adams in his sombre mood made a sort of debtor and creditor account, setting the safety of the two women, without taking into consideration the success of their expedition, against the life of this man; and the Englishman's brow knit as he told himself that it would be a case of duty—of stern necessity—the act of a judge upon a malefactor; and he said between his teeth:

"Let him show one sign of treachery, and I'll shoot him like a dog."

Perhaps not by sympathy, but from the result of his own arguments, Caleb Dawson had come to the same determination; but he had also made an addition, including in the broad sweep of his idea of justice Larry Carey, who, with his twig under his arm, was trudging solidly along by his side, making an admirable scout.

"Suppose you run back now, Larry," he said, "and see if all's well?"

"Sure, yer honour, there's no running back wanted—they're close here. Yisterday, whin those spalpeens were behind us, the poor bastes of mules hung back as if they was loadstones; and to-day, as the inimy is in front, it's all the other way, and they're ready to run over 'em."

It was as Larry said; and Dawson frowned to find how close they were.

"You came on too qnickly," he said brusquely to Adams when they closed up. "It is not safe."

"The mules seem very fresh," was the reply; and after receiving orders to halt for a quarter of an hour, to allow the scouts to get well in advance, Dawson and Larry went forward once more, the glass being brought into requisition at every suitable spot, but only to show a clear way. The ruffians had evidently pushed right on; and at last Dawson pulled out his chart and compass, beneath the shade of a rock, and set to and studied it for awhile.

"Yes," he said to himself; "this valley ends here, gorges striking off in three directions; then we have to cross an alkali desert due south east, to strike another range of mountains. That will do, and we can give these fellows the slip."

The heat was frightful, but they toiled on, Larry seeming indefatigable; and at last about mid-day they came to where the valley ended in a sort of chaos. Deep gorges, high pitched rocks, steep escarpments, a regular natural fortification where an army might have been hid, and then the hills fell to the plain which from where they stood shimmered grey and white in the haze of the sun.

For the last hour the land had trended upward, and now, seeing a spot where he could obtain a good view of the surrounding plain, Dawson adjusted his glass, and began to crawl up to a higher point, when suddenly he felt someone spring upon him, his arms were pinnioned to his side; and he and his assailant rolled over and over down some twenty feet of steep slope into a cleft amongst the rocks.

"You treacherous dog!" he gasped as, loosing himself by a tremendous struggle, he caught Larry by the throat.

"Whisht Misther Dawson, sor, and aise yerself off me, for it's heavy ye are as lead. Ye'll be breaking some of me bones. Arrah! put that shtupid little pishtol away. Didn't ye see as the divils were jist below, an' if I hadn't have pulled ye back they'd have seen you?"

Dawson stared at his companion, who responded with a broad grin; and then he crept cautiously to the edge of a craig and peered down into a broad rift, which seemed to be the way out into the plain; and there were the very men they sought to avoid clustered together not fifty yards below, smoking, drinking, and one group playing with a pack of cards.

They were evidently blockading the sole exit from the valley, feeling sure that they had passed their quarry on the way.

Dawson crept back unobserved, and rejoined Larry.

"I beg your pardon, Larry," he said, frankly holding out his hand.

"Bedad, an' I'd have given it to ye widout your bemaning yerself to beg, Misther Dawson, sor. I tuk ye by surprise, an' in return ye've tuk all the skin off me poor shin. Shall I run an' stop them at wanst?"

"No; watch here, Larry. Take my rifle. Yes, yes, take it. I can run back better without it."

Larry took the piece with an air of deep disgust.

"You must watch, and if there is any change of position come and warn us. I'll get them back into a place of safety."

"Run, then, yer honour; but, bedad, they're close on us again. Listen!"

There was the faint click heard of a mule's hoof, and far up, along a higher track than they had come, they could see the mule-driver some distance in advance. Evidently from his elevated position, he had just caught sight of the men in the ravine, for, running forward, he tied a handkerchief to the end of his mule-staff and began to wave it in the air.

For a moment Dawson seemed paralysed; then he snatched the rifle from Larry's hand, dropped on one knee, and took a long and careful aim, hesitated, dropped the piece into the hollow of his arm—it was too long a shot.

The next instant he turned to Larry.

"Quick!" he cried; "follow me; the game's up, but we'll die like men."

(To be continued.)

London Rookeries.

There is a large rookery near Kensington-gardens, among the fine old trees which fortunately still adorn that locality. Another, in the equally noble trees near Holland House, is supposed to be several hundred years old; the rooks still resist the approach of bricks and mortar as well as they can. But, whenever the day comes for covering Holland-park with buildings (and such a day may, perhaps, be looming in the future), the rooks will assuredly take their departure. Such a migration is known to have taken place in 1827, when Carlton House was pulled down, preparatory to the formation of the new opening into St. James's-park at Waterloo-steps. The rooks, belonging to a famous rookery in the gardens of that mansion, took counsel and flew off in a body to Spring-gardens, where they succeeded in finding a new home. This departure was celebrated in a song written by Hudson, a fertile author of comic songs in those days. Various changes in the metropolis formed the theme of the song, to the tune of "The good old days of Adam and Eve." Of the rookery at Carlton House, one of the lines recorded that, "Now the old rooks have lost their places!" Farther east, within and near the busy heart of the city itself, the rooks and rookeries are more interesting than at the West End, just because we should least expect to find them there. Observers know of a rookery in Gray's-inn-garden, and another in Doctors'-commons, or (so far as the latter is concerned) did know; for we rather suspect that the locality designated Doctors'-commons is falling into the hands of a body whom the rooks greatly dislike—bricklayers. At any rate, the colony of rooks used to be in a large old elm tree in the college garden, behind the now deserted Ecclesiastical Court. As late as 20 years ago there was a colony of rooks in the fine old plane-tree in Cheapside, at the corner of Wood-street, one of the busiest spots in the city. When St. Dunstan's in the east, Tower-street, was in its dusky old unmolested state, some venerable plane-trees in the churchyard were the favourite abode of a fraternity of rooks. The parish officers, having more compassion in their nature than such functionaries are generally accredited with, were wont occasionally to supply the rooks with osier twigs and other necessaries for building their nests. Demolitions took place rather more than half a century ago; and the rooks betook themselves to the Tower of London, where they made a lodgment in the upper part of the White Tower. Somehow, the change of residence did not suit them; they were restless and uncomfortable; and after the workmen had finished what they were about, the rooks migrated back to their old quarters, and found the plane-trees still habitable. History records that another generation of parish officers supplied them with the welcome osier twigs. May the earth rest lightly on those parochial worthies. —*All the Year Round.*

After-Dinner Stories.

Timothée Trimm, in his "Promenades Philosophiques dans Paris," has two charming after-dinner stories about dinners. The first relates to a famous French provincial solicitor who used to surprise unaccustomed guests by the curious collection of old knives which were used at his table, their poverty and the rudeness of their manufacture forming a marked contrast to the brightness of the silver and the fineness of the linen. When dinner was removed and the desert placed on the table, the guests, their tongues loosened by wine and the genial influences of the host, generally took an opportunity of bringing round the conversation to these knives, and inquiring whether there was any history connected with them. Whereupon the host carelessly remarked that each knife had "served to accomplish its little assassination," and, if the guest was curious, the particulars of the murder in which the particular knife wherewith he had cut his "gigot" had played its part were forthcoming. In the case of the other host, who was the governor of a convict establishment, the cutlery was guiltless of homicide, but there was a speciality about the servants. The bill of fare placed before each guest had been written by a notary condemned to penal servitude for forgery; it was a murderer who cut up the roast beef; it was a coiner who changed the plates; it was an incendiary who put a match to the punch; and the wine was handed round by a gentleman strongly suspected of having cut his wife up in small pieces whilst himself in a state of drunkenness. These were cheerful fancies, but I am not sure that they were not equalled in grim *bizarrerie* by a festive gathering which actually took place in Warwickshire the other week. The occasion was an annual supper, and the guests were all grave-diggers! I wonder whether they had the bill of fare decorated with a death's head and cross bones; whether they had their salt cellars cunningly fashioned like coffins; and whether they drank any of those fearful toasts of which we read in descriptions of the social gatherings of the profession at the time of the Great Plague. Perhaps so; yet if I were betting on the subject I should be inclined to wager that they did none of these things, but that the supper was a plain solid meal, eaten with honest gusto, and that, over their pipes and beer, the grave-diggers complained of the dulness of trade and possibly discussed the desirability of a strike.—*Sylvanus Urban.*

DIAMONDS THAT ARE HISTORICAL.—Of the diamonds of historical size, the potentates of Europe are the possessors of most all, the following being the name of the more celebrated: The Sultan of Matan, 360 carats; the Regent, 135 carats; the Koh-i-noor, 186 carats; the Orloff, 195 carats; the Sanci, 54 carats. The last-mentioned has survived adventures enough to merit a detailed account. Nurtured on the breast of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, from him it passed to the Sanci's, and was christened. It next turns up among the crown jewels of France, assisting at the ccronation of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., and disappearing at the sack of the Tuileries. Ferdinand VII. of Spain, afterwards became its owner, his queen giving it to Godoy, Prince de la Paix, from whom it passed to several unimportant hands, until an East India nabob, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Bombay, secured it by purchase for 100,000 dols.

INFLUENCE OF FRENCH WOMEN.—The foundation of French manners is laid in the influence of woman. Her reign is powerful at home, but rarely reaches out-of-doors. Within the four walls of a drawing-room, she is an absolute sovereign, but her power seldom extends to public questions of any kind. The French woman is essentially a woman; her objects are almost always feminine; she does not seek to go beyond her sphere; and abstains from interference in outside topics, whatever be their gravity or their importance. Hence the French woman is generally agreeable. The necessity of attracting is in the Gallic blood. It may be controlled by an absorbing sentiment of duty; it may be suppressed for a time by other more urgent needs; it may be modified in its expression by the thousand accidents of position; but it is still at the bottom of every French woman's heart.

Sold for Life.

Five years ago Bella Morris was a bright, handsome girl, with sparkling blue eyes, a laugh silvery as music, and, better still, a warm, loving heart.

Now she is a cold, stately woman and a leader in fashionable society. She is slightly faded, and there is a hollow smile on her lips which fashion has doomed her to wear. To one who knows her this smile is sadder than tears.

Even a stranger watching her face when the lips are silent, and the eyes seemingly unconscious of another's presence, would be struck by the weary look which tells of a life wrecked by sorrow and disappointment.

Bella was a school friend of mine. She was the daughter of a widow with a small fortune and a very fretful, disposition, Mrs. Morris had once known the luxury of wealth. But an evil day came to her, as it has come to thousands. She lost more than three-parts of her property, and began to feel that her crippled resources made life harder than she ever before imagined it could be. The want of money she regarded as the primary evil of life and by precept and example she brought up Bella to think as she did in this matter.

Following the commonly-received instincts of modern society, she carefully instilled into Bella's mind that a woman's worthiest aim and highest ambition should be to make a judicious and wealthy marriage. To attain this object neither pains nor labour were spared. She was determined to succeed, and she expected success from determination and perseverance.

If her mother died, Bella would have been dependent on friends or compelled to earn her bread by some kind of labour. Yet she was brought up with that false notion which is so apt to lower the tone of women—namely, that by honest work position would be lost. How many women lead dreary, purposeless lives because of this false principle?

Mrs. Morris looked upon Bella's entrance into society as a turning-point in her life. Upon her first visit to an English country-house, where a large number of guests were expected, Bella was told by her mother that she had always looked to her to retrieve their position; that a love-match was a luxury that only the very rich or very poor could afford; and that, therefore, for her it was out of the question.

Had Bella been as worldly as her mother, she might, doubtless, have been saved many a heart-ache. But her bright nature had only then been half-spoiled by the frigid, worldly atmosphere which surrounded her.

At first two or three seasons were spent at Torquay and Ryde, where her mother was ready to act as the auctioneer and knock her daughter down to the highest bidder in the marriage market. Unfortunately buyers with enough of money to please Mrs. Morris were not numerous, and indomitable and indefatigable as she was, she sometimes felt that Fortune was again unkind to her.

It was during the gay autumnal season at Brighton, that Bella first saw Charles Howard, a man who was destined to influence her whole life. Frequent opportunities of meeting enabled them to interest each other; but an event soon occurred which bound them together by a strong link of sympathy.

A pic-nic party had assembled at a picturesque point among the cliffs, called in the neighbourhood, "Nancy Brown's Parlour." Bella and Charles Howard were of the number. Bella had climbed to a jutting prominence by a slippery winding path, and had reached a spot commanding as sweet a view of coast scenery as probably exists in the world.

The rush of the receding tide over the rocks, mingled its hoarse but solemn music with the shrill screams of the sea-birds. Bella's gaze was fixed intently on the wonders of the view, and from a distance she seemed to interrogate the watery depths beneath her. In a moment, to the horror of her friends, she slipped over a sharp ledge of rock and disappeared from view.

Several members of the party rushed at once to the spot. Love gave speed to the quick step of Charles Howard. There was not an instant to be lost. He saw Bella for a moment, rising to the surface of the sullen water, and then sinking again. He plunged boldly in—it was a leap of sixteen feet—and in a moment reached the drowning girl. Equally successful, too, were his efforts to gain the rocks in safety, though the evident danger to both was a source of breathless anxiety to those who watched his gallant struggles.

Howard's pluck and bravery had its reward in the congratulations of the party. But dearer far to him was the look, which, full of affection, Bella fixed on him, when she recovered consciousness.

The deep gratitude for her preserver, which filled Bella's heart, soon brightened into a love equalling that which Howard had already given her.

Charles Howard possessed all those qualities which attract a woman's affection. There was in him a mixture of manly strength and child-like tenderness—a brave, unselfish, honourable nature—and a cultured mind.

The old story so often repeated was once again listened to by unwilling ears. And Bella forgot her worldliness, her ambition, her mother, and allowed herself for the first time in her life to share love's sweet dream, and for love's sake alone.

But we do not live in Arcadia—if, indeed, there was ever such a realm except in the imagination of the poets. There, we have been told, summer days might be whiled away in music, love, and song. This century of ours is, however, too eminently practical to think of love. The world is full of people who deny its existence altogether. And when it is played at, the little god generally comes armed with settlements and a certain number of thousands a year.

So when Bella, radiant with joy, spoke to her mother of the love which filled her heart, the first remark elicited was:

"I wonder, my dear, what settlements he is prepared to make. We must, of course, find out his prospects before you give him further encouragement."

Bella's mother was not left long in doubt. Charles Howard called at her house that very day. He had come to ask for her daughter's hand; but the tone and manner of the lady somewhat puzzled him. Yet he at once frankly explained his circumstances when Mrs. Morris and he began to discuss the marriage question.

She listened coolly until he had finished, and then, as though she were discussing a law point, she remarked that his fortune was scarcely such as would justify her in allowing Bella to become engaged to him at the moment. As Howard's prospects appeared to be good, Mrs. Morris considered that there were some grounds of hope, that later on he might be able to offer Bella a proper establishment. When that time arrived she would accede to Howard's wishes. Meanwhile they should wait the course of events.

Bella wept and pleaded with her mother. She urged that Howard's income was quite sufficient to enable them to keep up a respectable appearance. But Mrs. Morris was inexorable. The principle she had cherished in life was that Bella should marry well, and she was not now to be driven from it.

While in Brighton it was useless to expect Bella to forget Howard. Paris and its gayeties, the mother thought, would soon efface any romantic impression which Howard's gallantry had made upon her daughter.

Before leaving, Howard and Bella contrived a farewell interview despite the mother's watchfulness. He then told her that if she would wait but one year, he might probably put himself into the position which would suit her mother.

Once again love spoke louder than worldliness. Bella pledged her troth to wait for him, come what would.

The months passed away, and again Mrs. Morris and Bella found themselves in Brighton. This time, it is not the rich, manly voice of Charles Howard which pleads for Bella's love. It was now a cold, hard tone, with the clink of gold in every accent.

Wearily Bella listened, at first, to the flattering speeches of Sir George Richards, the man whom her mother selected for her. Nevertheless, his pressing offer of marriage caused a fearful struggle in the girl's heart. Here were a title, position, and fortune at hand. With them she should accept age, and wrinkles, and an old man's crotchets.

Could she tear from her heart the image of the man she loved for the golden allurements before her? She knew that Howard toiled for her, that he fondly thought of and loved her. The life she held he had given her by rescuing her from a watery grave.

But all was of no avail before Mrs. Morris's ambition. Bella yielded to the mother's entreaties and to the cravings of her own vanity.

A few weeks after there was a grand wedding in Torquay. Amid the effervescing oratory of the wedding breakfast—so much of which is due to champagne—a letter was handed to the bride. The sight of it made her turn pale. It was from her absent lover, written in happy unconsciousness, telling her that he might be expected in Southampton by the steamer which followed that mail. A large fortune had just been left to him, and he counted now to be all that her mother desired.

Poor Bella! She sacrificed her heart at the shrine of the golden idol, and her sad face in after life only too well told the tale of her unhappiness.

Gustave Doré.

On a bright and beautiful afternoon of September last, I had the pleasure of visiting the studio of Gustave Doré. It was something of a change from the almost glaring brightness of everything outside to enter that large, cool, solemn room. M. Gustave Doré lives and works in one of the avenues leading out of the Champs Elysées. His studio on the ground floor (as we should call it in England) is at the back of the house, and is, as I have said, a large, and almost a vast chamber. It is tapestried, if I may say so, with the records and trophies of that wonderfully fertile genius which has filled Europe and America with such prodigal proofs of its rapid skill. More than one wild Dantesque scene may be looked on there, and recognised as an old acquaintance by all eyes familiar with the illustrations to the "Inferno." There is a copy made by the artist himself of "Christian Martyrs," which at present is on exhibition in the Doré gallery in London. Only think of the artist's capacity for labour, who, still young, has a gallery of his own paintings in London, another in New York, and a third in Paris!

On the walls of Doré's studio are some grim and pathetic figures illustrative in various ways of Alsace and her sufferings: the artist is a native of Strasburg. There are several illustrations of the scenery of Scotland, which M. Doré has lately been visiting; and there is the painting on which he is at present working—on which at least he was working when I was received by him. This is "The Dream of Pilate's Wife." When Pilate "was set down on the judgment-seat, his wife sent unto him saying, 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him?'" These things from which the wife of Pilate suffered are embodied by Doré in a vision of the conquering progress of Christianity over all lands and kingdoms—a long, vague, grand procession of the typical heroes, saints, and martyrs of the early Christian world. These and the troubled wonder-wrought face of the wife of Pilate, who even in her waking senses has her vision with her still, make up the meaning and value of the picture. The idea is a bold one, and success in carrying it out ought to be a triumph.

Gustave Doré is a short, stout man, with a large head, a fine brown *chevelure*, a broad forehead, a handsome face, very bright beaming eyes, and a peculiarly frank and winning smile. There is something indescribably animating about his friendly and cordial manner. He is rather more than forty years of age, but he looks much younger; and he has been so short a time, comparatively, before the world, that one is surprised to learn that he has even attained his fortieth year. I had not known M. Doré before, but he and I had a common and valued friend whose fate was a tragedy. Our friend was a Parisian journalist and man of letters, a man of the purest heart and most honourable sensitive nature, a true gentleman, whom all who knew him held in esteem, and many held in affection. His health was always somewhat feeble, and his nerves were highly strung, and he died in the siege—I may perhaps literally say of starvation. There was plenty of money in his house, but one cannot feed on money; and my poor friend could not eat—at least he could not live on—the miserable substitutes for nutritious food which were all that the wealth of a Rothschild could then have bought. Doré attended him as though they had been brothers. My friend died one day with the thunder of the German siege guns alone disturbing the quiet of his passing away. Doubtless there were hundreds of just such deaths then, but this one especially interested me; and the widow of our dead friend accompanied my wife and me to visit Gustave Doré. Therefore it was not quite for me an ordinary introduction to a distinguished artist.

A man at once more simple, genial, and modest than Doré is not easily to be met. The most ordinary observation of human character has made us all so familiar with such contrasts, that one would now naturally expect to find in an artist so daring and self-reliant, so unconventional and audacious as Gustave Doré, a man of gentle and modest manner.

I heard an odd little anecdote illustrative of the fact. A clever young Englishwoman who is beginning to have a certain success in small paintings—really only a beginner—was brought one day to Doré's studio by some friends. Unlike most Englishwomen, this was a very impulsive and irrepressible young person, and she offered the frankest criticisms of this, that, and the other piece of work around. The picture on which M. Doré was then engaged occupied her attention particularly, and not content with recommending various improvements, she suddenly caught his brush from the artist's hand, and saying coolly, "Don't you think, M. Doré, that a touch of this kind would be an improvement *there*?" she actually amended his work with her own audacious fingers. Her friends were rather astounded, and one of them afterwards took occasion to apologise to Doré for the impulsiveness of the young lady. But Doré only seemed surprised to find that any apology or explanation should be considered necessary. He thought there was some justice in the suggestion this practically made, and it seemed to him quite natural that one artist should help out another. It did not appear to have occurred to him that there was anything presumptuous in the volunteer effort of the young beginner to lend a helping hand to one of the most celebrated and successful artists of his day.

Gustave Doré is, as I have said, a Strasburg man. He was born in January, 1832, and when very young was brought by his father to Paris, where his education was finished. Doré's mother is still living, a woman of the most attractive manners, always delighted to welcome and entertain the large circle of friends and visitors that her own genial ways and the renown of her son have brought about her. Another of her sons is, I believe, a banker in Paris, and is married. Gustave Doré still remains a bachelor. The life of an artist has seldom much to tell, and Gustave Doré's has hitherto been naturally somewhat uneventful, unless in so far as artistic enterprises and achievements may be considered events. The great event in his life was when the public first became conscious of the new and strong power that was growing up in the art.

Indeed, it is one thing which you cannot ignore or dispute in the career of Doré is his success. Perhaps it would have been better for his fame in the end if the success had been less sudden and complete. But to say this is only in other words to acknowledge the fact of the success. Only a dozen years have passed since the attention of the world was attracted by the wonderful freshness and power of the seventy-six drawings which illustrate the "Divina Commedia." Shortly after this appeared the more carefully-wrought and more varied illustrations to "Don Quixote," every one of which was, as to scenery and general surroundings, a choice and patient study from the life of Spain. Success came with a rush. It descended upon Doré like that often-quoted shower upon Danaë. It was in fact a very early success, for Doré must have been under thirty years of age when his name first became famous all over Europe. But, as I have remarked, he had been a long time working even then; he had been all his life working, without any greater results than the appreciation of many of his fellows and a small portion of the public, who saw in him something yet to be developed. Probably the feats that made his fame were not such as his earlier labours might have suggested. But he could not help saying that he had at last, in a moment, fairly conquered and captured the public. High art and lofty criticism might say what they pleased; the pit had risen at him, as at Edmund Kean; the public were with him, the picture dealers, the publishers, the engravers, the popular journals, the fashionable patrons—all that makes the success and rewards the labours of a man's life.

M. Doré was "decorated" under the empire, and I believe the Emperor was anxious that the peculiar genius of the painter should employ itself in producing some characteristic memorial of the reign. When the fatal war against Prussia was declared, Doré was commissioned to paint a grand picture of the crossing of the Rhine by the resistless legions of France. I have heard that the idea was to introduce upon the canvass a spectral host of the dead soldiers of France who *did* cross the Rhine, watching in pride over the prowess of their descendants. The picture was not finished. The painter had other work to do presently, and did it manfully. When the Germans transferred the seat of war from the Rhine to the Seine, Gustave Doré was one of those who turned out in Paris to do duty on the ramparts. He threw himself into the work, not, as many others did, in the spirit of the amateur or the stage-player, but with a complete earnestness and an absolute subordination of every other purpose in life to the business of soldiering. I have heard many true stories of his kindly helpful ways, during the siege, to all friends who needed help. I have heard of him, when relieved long after midnight from duty on the ramparts, tramping weary miles of Paris to a house where a pale light burned always in a window (while lights were still to be had in the besieged city), to ask how the night was faring with a poor invalided friend; and then tramping off again to his own home, where he would hardly have time enough left him to snatch a mere draught of sleep. I have heard of his ranging Paris through to get, if possible, some dry wood to make a fire in the room of this same invalid, because the green raw wood which alone it was then possible to buy made a smoke that was painful to the sick man; and how at last he besieged the office of the Minister of the Interior himself, and talked and persuaded him into giving an order for some of the dry wood which had already been "required" for Government service. All through that fearful time I believe Gustave Doré was just the same—ready, energetic, helpful, kind—a genial and pleasant colleague for the brave and the strong, a support and encouragement, whenever he had the chance, for the weak and the timid.

—*Justin McCarthy.*

DR. JOHNSON'S STYLE.—A critic, in *Cornhill*, on Dr. Johnson, says that his style was formed on the giants of the seventeenth century, and especially upon Sir Thomas Browne. The complex structure of the sentence of this period was, perhaps, to Dr. Johnson, a pleasant contrast to "an ear saturated with the Gallicized neatness of Addison and Pope. Unluckily, the secret of the old majestic cadence was hopelessly lost. The very faculty of hearing seems to change in obedience to some mysterious law at different stages of intellectual development; and that which to one generation is delicious music is to another a mere droning of bagpipes or the grinding of monotonous barrel-organs."

SOUND EDUCATION.—The main purpose in view would be to render education in some things a little more than the mere memorising of facts, something better than the cramming of undigested tables and formulas; to give it true breadth and depth, to vitalise it with original observation and discovery—to do all this under conditions calculated to expand the body as well as the mind, making both robust, liberal, honest, and accordant instruments. The young girls and boys that would return in the autumn from these academies would come to us with the flush of colour in the cheek, and of enthusiasm in the heart; would come to us inspired with new attachments, with sympathies stimulated and faculties awakened, filled with an afflatus as divine as that of the poets—the passion and the love of Nature in all her mystery and beauty.

Song.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

It matters not though day discover
How false the joys I fondly knew;
When night and slumber round me hover,
In dreams at least I find thee true.

Though, all the day's long hours of sadness,
My weary life flow on in pain,
The night shall bring unwonted gladness
And give thee to my soul again.

Once more thy lips with warm impression
Shall lay their gentle seal on mine;
Again with shrinking, sweet confession.
Thy tender eyes before me shine.

Thy cheek with my cheek softly meeting,
Thy twining arms around me thrown,
I'll watch how fast the night is fleeting,
And count thy heart-beats through mine own.

Oh, happy night, and weary waking,
When dawns the day-star, cold and blue!
'Tis daylight tells how hearts are breaking;
In dreams alone I find thee true!

—*Charles Carroll.*

Put to the Test.

"But suppose he should recognise me, after all, Helen?"

"Not a bit of danger of that, May, you are too well 'got up,' thanks to your humble servant."

"Let me take a long, last lingering look at myself, and I'm off;" and she stepped to the glass and surveyed herself. She gave a little laugh. "Ugh! how my teeth gleam through my dusky complexion! We must remedy that. Go down and get me some walnut-juice."

The desired fluid was brought, and enough partaken of to bring the gleaming teeth to a colour not conspicuously observable through contrast with the general appearance of the person.

"There you are, May, so transformed your own father wouldn't recognise you. Complexion utterly changed, eyebrows blackened, hair tucked out of sight under a widow's cap, seedy black dress, and worn cotton gloves. Who would look for the 'rich and flattered heiress' in this guise? Here, let me adjust your veil. There, you'll do now for a poor widow of thirty-five, I think."

"Well, Helen, I hope we may find that Henry Smith has been slandered," was the rejoinder; "but I could never promise to marry him with such a doubt unsolved."

"No, indeed, May. But go, my blessings will follow you," she added, laughing.

Down the back stairs stole the quiet poverty-stricken-looking little woman, and gained the street by a back alley. Drawing her rusty crape veil closely down over her face, she slowly walked along till she reached the door which bore the name, "Henry Smith, Solicitor." Ascending the stairs, she stood at the office door, and tapped timidly.

"Come in," was the rejoinder from within.

Timidly and tremblingly May pushed open the office door of the man who had but the day previously besought her to become his wife.

Henry Smith sat at a table which was strewn with law papers, with his feet thrown over the arm of a chair, and a half-consumed cigar in his teeth. Casting a glance at the meek-looking little figure before him, which glance seemed to assure him there was no call for politeness on his part, he leaned back in his chair and remarked—

"Well, madam, what do you wish?"

"Can this be the exquisite Mr. Smith, who is so very courteous to ladies in society?" thought she. But she said, in a voice which trembled from suppressed excitement, "Will you please let me be seated a moment, sir? I am not strong, and the stairs have taken my breath."

"Chairs over by the window there," was the reply; but he never lowered his feet from the one on which they rested, or laid aside the cigar.

After a moment's pause, in which the pale dark woman seemed to collect breath and composure, she said, drawing a paper from her pocket:

"If you please, I called to see you for charity. My husband was killed six months ago by a fall from a building, and left me penniless. I worked, and earned a meagre support for myself and little ones by copying, until I was no longer able to get even that to do. Being ill with overwork and anxiety, I could not longer support my little family, and my children have been taken to the workhouse. People who had known how hard I tried to do for them have helped me a little, and so I have been saved from there to. If I can succeed in keeping along for a few days, until I have a little more strength, I hope to obtain work, and be able to take care of myself again. Here's a paper with the names of those who know me, and that I am not an impostor, and who have helped me in my illness and poverty."

Not a word from Henry Smith all the while, but he coolly puffed the cigar.

"Will you not help me a little from your abundant means?" pleaded the poor woman.

"O dear!" yawned he; "I wished beggars could be abolished by statute." Then to the woman, "Really, madam, your story is very well got up; but, so far as I'm concerned, no beggars need apply. If you can't support yourself, why, go the workhouse. That's the place for such as you."

"But sir——"

"My dear woman, there's the door. I can't be bothered any longer."

Slowly and sadly the poor woman wended her way down the stairs, and down the street until the corner shut her from sight, and then fairly threw off the veil and revealed the face of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the city. Here she rushed in at the front door, and unceremoniously up stairs into the pretty room she had shortly before left. Tearing off the widow's garments, she was soon engaged in telling her friend Helen the result of her mission.

"It's just as you told me, Helen. Henry Smith has no more heart than a block of wood, and no more politeness;" and her cheeks burned as she thought of his rudeness. "And to think he should come here, and be so very devoted and polite to me, when it is all false to his true nature! Thank heaven! I've found him out in time."

Helen laughed softly, and said—

"What answer shall you give him this evening, May?"

"Wait until evening, and see," was the reply, as May went on with her becoming toilet.

Meanwhile, Henry Smith, after mentally condemning all beggars to torture, slowly betook himself to his lodgings, and arrayed himself scrupulously for the purpose of calling to receive his answer from the young lady of his affections; but in the midst of his thoughts of her, the pale face of the dark little widow would intrude herself.

"Confound that creature!" soliloquised, he as he neared the mansion. "I can't keep her out of my mind. There was something familiar about her, as if I had known her some time. But, pshaw! who has any sympathy for beggars? I shall be one myself in a month, if I don't get this girl of old Bailey's with her father's cash."

Ringing the bell, the servant showed him into a brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, where, in silk and jewels, shone the fair young girl whom he had asked to be his wife.

She rose to meet him, and he eagerly began:

"Dearest May, I'm all impatience for your answer. Don't keep me in suspense another moment. Is the treasure mine?"

With painful distinctness every word of the answer smote on his ear.

"O, dear! I wish beggars could be abolished by statute."

He opened his eyes and stared at her; then the truth seemed to burst upon him.

"May! Miss Bailey!" gasped he. "What is this?"

"Really, sir, your story is well got up, but so far as I am concerned, no beggars need apply."

Catching up his hat, Henry Smith left the house so hurriedly that the hall door slammed. If he did not gain the heiress and her money, let us hope he gained in wisdom and charity.

The King & the Mountebank.

The story that Molière once not only breakfasted with Louis the Magnificent, but that the great King actually put the wing of a chicken on the "mountebank's" plate, has come down soberly narrated by the chroniclers of the time. But serious gentlemen of the *doctrinaire* type, who consider subjects of etiquette with as much gravity as those of war or finance, have taken upon themselves to doubt the authenticity of so gross a departure on the part of so punctilious a monarch, from the most absolute rules of Court propriety. They urge that these rules enjoined that, while at supper, the "Children of France," the Princes and Princesses of the blood, were permitted to break bread with the sovereign, that august personage should always, without exception, breakfast in solitary grandeur. He, then, even Monsieur the Dauphin could not sit at breakfast with the King, is it likely that an humble actor was accorded this more than Royal privilege?

An actor, it must not be forgotten, was a "vagabond" in both the French and English law. The sting of the use of the epithet by Junius, in his famous brief letter to Garrick, lay in this legal humiliation. It is upon the fact that an actor was a "vagabond," and that the writer of plays was scarcely less so, that those ingenious persons who try to make us believe that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, base one of their arguments. The theory is that Bacon, a man of high family but impecunious, was ashamed to be known as the author of plays and as a "vagabond," and so induced Shakespeare to adopt them, Bacon being himself impelled to write them for pecuniary profit.

How could it be, then, that a "vagabond," not only sat at table with Louis the Great, but received that chicken-wing from the King's own august fork?

The evidence adduced to prove the most mentous fact tends to establish it, despite Louis's punctiliousness and Jean Baptiste's vagabondage. Molière was, it appears, a Royal valet, as his father had been a Court servitor before him; among his duties was to arrange the Royal sheets to receive the Royal form. He took his meals with the "gentlemen of the bedchamber;" but as he was a great favourite of the King's, these gentlemen treated him with much jealous contumely and ill-temper. This Louis was not slow to perceive, and one morning, according to one of the English disputants, Louis said to him: "Molière, they say you have but meagre cheer at the table of the Royal household. Come, I am hungry; let us breakfast together. There is my *en-cas de nuit*." The "*en-cas de nuit*" was a cold collation, which was always placed at Louis's bedside overnight, that monarch being a "prodigious cater," and often waking in the small hours, tortured with a rapacious appetite. And so King and vagabond fell to, and the former, with infinite grace, tendered his guest of the moment a succulent chicken-wing. Such is the story, which is sustained by the critical authority of Sainte-Beuve. The meal was an informal one, yet the fact remains that the witty stage-player breakfasted with the magnificent monarch.

In England, it appears, there has always been less punctiliousness between monarchs and "mountebanks;" for Betterton often dined with merry Charles; the Kembles were favoured guests of "Farmer George" and Queen Charlotte; and, in our own day, Macready and others have been received at the palace on not unfamiliar terms.

Poor but Sly.

Ross of Pitealine [the poor broken-down Jacobite laird, of whom some droll anecdotes have been related] lived in Edinburgh, and was often in great straits for a meal. Happening one night to pass the house of Sir Lawrence Dundas, in St. Andrew Square [now the building occupied as the Royal Bank of Scotland], the poor laird bethought him of a method of obtaining a handsome refreshment at the expense of that gentleman. Sir Lawrence was the candidate for the representation of Edinburgh in Parliament, and he had succeeded in obtaining the favour of a certain number of the town-councillors, in whom the election lay. There was one councillor, however, a deacon of one of the crafts, who was essential to his cause, and whom he had assailed with every imaginable temptation, but as yet in vain. Pitcaline, aware that Sir Lawrence was confined to his chamber with gout, knocked at the door, and said something which led the servant to suppose he was the difficult-to-be secured deacon. When the candidate heard who it was, his delight was great, and he gave orders that his visitor should be treated with the best in the house, while the excuse of illness was made for his not appearing himself. Set down to a pleasant repast, Pitcaline commenced by a request for a bottle of champagne and another of Madeira, and so he spent a couple of hours or so very much to his satisfaction. Having dined, when he could eat and drink no more, being stuffed to the throat, he departed by leaving his compliments—the compliments of Ross of Pitcaline to Sir Lawrence. The wrath and disappointment of the candidate may be left to the imagination of the reader.—*Dr. R. Chambers's Scrapbook.*

Remembrance.

Cold in the earth, and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave,
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by time's all severing wave?

Now, when removed, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever—evermore?

Cold in thy grave, and fifteen wild Decembers
From these brown hills have melted into spring;
Faithful indeed the love is that remembers
After such years of change and suffering.

Sweet love of youth, forgive if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

And when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine,
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even now I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain.
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I taste the empty world again?

—*Emily Brontë (Ellis Bell).*

Literary Rambler.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORDS.

The greatest of dramatists set his stamp upon *belongings*, which, obsolete or not, the language cannot do without any more than it can without *lendings*; or *coil*, which seems to make a tumult and bustle "confusion worse confounded;" or *bale*, which best represents the utter blackness of evil and misery combined; or *lag*, which in one short word sets forth the rabble, hanging on the outskirts of an army, or hovering in the rear of a crowd, the *tag*, the *rag*, falling behind their betters:

"The common lag of people."

To describe Ariel, nimble, dainty, full of arts, mischievous without malice, pretty, elfish, quaint, spirit of fire and air, he gave us *prick-ay*; one who went with eager speed, as for life, went *wively*; one pressed hard by foes and in straitened plight, was *bested*; and the flash, the swiftness of a thought or feeling, was in a *twink*:

"In a twink she won me to her love."

One class of words, of frequent use by Shakespeare, are curious instances of the change which time has brought about in their meaning; as *intention* instead of *attention*; *approved*, for allowed; *indifferent*, for impartial; *allowance*, in the sense of approbation; and *affront*, which signified meeting face to face; as where the king says:

"We have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia."

In the simple directness of ancient usage, an executioner was called the *death's-man*; a lunatic was a *moon-ling*; an arbitrator, who fixed on the time, was a *dayes-man*; an effeminate man was *womanish*, a timid one *fearful*; and, to describe one like the Prodigal Son, the name of *scatter-ling* would have been given, as best expressive of his riotous living; and, for his midnight revellings, *candle-waster*.

MORALS OF THE PYRENEANS.

We have found that these good mountaineers have ever loved gain and booty. It is so natural to wish to live, and live well too! Above all, is it pleasant to live at the expense of others! Time was when, in Scotland, every shipwrecked vessel belonged to the coast-side people; the wrecked ships came to them like herrings in the season, an hereditary and legitimate harvest—they felt robbed if one of the crew attempted to keep his coat. It is so here with strangers. The rear-guard of Charlemagne, under Roland, perished here; the mountaineers rolled down upon it an avalanche of stone; then they divided the stuffs—the silver, mules, and baggage—and each one betook himself to his den. In a like manner they treated a second army sent by Louis le Debonnaire. I fancy they regarded these passages as a blessing from heaven—a special gift from Divine Providence. Fine cuirasses, new lances, necklaces, well-lined coats—it was a perfect magazine of gold, iron, and wool. Very likely the wives ran to meet them, blessing the good husband who had been the most thoughtful of the welfare of his little family, and brought back the greatest quantity of provisions. This artlessness in respect to theft still exists in Calabria. In Napoleon's time, a prefect was scolding a well-to-do peasant who was behindhand with his contributions: the peasant replied, with all the openness of an upright man: "Faith, your excellency, it's not my fault. For fifteen days now have I taken my carbine every evening, and have posted myself along the highway to see if no one would pass. Never a man goes by; but I give you my word, I'll go back there until I have scraped together the ducats I owe you." Add to this cheerful resignation an extreme bravery! I believe the country is the cause of one as well as the other—extreme poverty removes timidity as well as scruples. They are leeches on the body of others, but, then, they are equally prodigal of their own—they can resist as well as take an advantage. If they willingly take another's goods, they guard their own yet more willingly. Liberty has thriven here from the earliest times—crabbed and savage, home-born and tough, like a stem of their own boxwood.—*Taine's "Pyrenees."*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Upon the whole I know no biography which gives a truer account of its subject than "Lockhart's Life of Scott." It is Scott to the life; at least as much so as any man can be exhibited to the public by words.

"Whether the publicat on of this portrait will do any good to his memory, is a different matter. It has greatly dispelled the fascination connected with his name in the minds of those who only knew him through his works and his fame. They thought him purely a literary man. They have now been taught how much he was a tradesman, even in the exercise of his genius; and to what extent his tastes for those feudal times, which form the charm of some of his finest works, was united with the practical obeisance of a vassal to his superior, and how very narrow and shallow were all his public views; and how much less he valued fame and literature than those results of them which enabled him to exercise an intellectual and splendid hospitality.

"On the other hand how much—how very much is there to admire and love! What extraordinary combinations of genius with industry; of glory with modesty; of the poetical powers without any of the defects of the poetical temperament! If the acquisition of money entered too much into his literary thoughts, whoever made so liberal a use of it, or one that so much extended the renown of his country? With a strong worldly head, great power of ridicule, an abhorrence of all sentimentality, and a manner naturally coarse, no man was so uniformly gentle. Where shall we find a steadier friend? A better man in the domestic relations? What author ever passed through so splendid a career so utterly unspoiled? To what rival was he ever ungenerous? How noble the spirit with which he bore up against the wreck of his fortune! How honourable the feeling of justice, and the ambition of ultimate independence with which he struggled for his creditors! If literature can boast of a brighter example of professional authorship with good sense, good conduct, and good manners; of inventive fancy with regular labour; of simplicity with unchecked success and applause; and of genius being never considered as any excuse, or even as any temptation, for the slightest failure in the performance of any duty—I know not where it is.

"Dear Scott! When he was among us we thought we worshipped him, at least as much as his modesty would permit. And now that he has gone, we feel as if we had not enjoyed or cherished him half enough. How would we cling to him were he to reappear! It is a pleasure which the next generation may envy that I still hear his voice and see his form. I see him in the Court, and on the street, in company, and by the Tweed. The plain dress, the guttural burred voice, the lame walk, the thoughtful heavy face with its mantling smile, the honest hearty manner, the joyous laugh, the sing-song feeling recitation, the graphic story—they are all before me a hundred times a day."

—*Lord Cockburn's Journal.*

The Ladies' Own Corner.

NOVELTIES IN MATERIALS.

The following is extracted from the Paris correspondence of *The Queen*:

Several novelties in materials have been exhibited during the past week for the first time. At the Magasin du Louvre, a favourite resort both among foreigners and Parisians, the popular fabrics with the summer-dress-buying public are vicugna cloth in several shades of réséda; chalis (which is a fine striped mixture of silk and wool), very light and flexible, especially patronised in white, pearl grey, and silver-grey; and bege, which is a variety of vicugna cloth, and is usually selected coffee-coloured, and trimmed with feathers. Buff poil de chèvre, or mohair, is another favourite, and is likewise trimmed with bands of feathers. Among more silky materials, small black and white checks are very popular in taffetas; sailor blue, scabious, and écru are worn in foulard serge; striped silks are worn as flounces and plaitings over plain silks; and, lastly, there are embroidered tunics of écru foulard, which are sold ready made, and are wonderfully popular. Lighter materials I have named in former letters; they consist principally of toilet de Vichy, which is made up into morning costumes with striped batiste and embroidered linen, ornamented with either white guipure or English embroidery.

REIGN OF BLACK VELVET.

Fashion appears to decree that for the present black velvet should be worn at all times and in all seasons. Bodices are very general, formed of black velvet bands, alternating with cross-bands of embroidered white muslin. These bodices, which are cut in the Louis 13th style, have square basques and large pelerine collars; they are open at the throat, and are bordered with black velvet. The style is most original, and looks well worn with all skirts, but more especially over those called "Marion Delorme," which are made of faille, and cling very closely to the figure in front, where they are ornamented with a ladder of bows without ends, and with straight lines of jetted galoon, which turn off squarely towards the back. There are five rows of this galoon or braid at each side of the bows, and they are worked with either black, white, or silver beads, according to the colour of the faille. At the back of the skirt there is a pouf, and the edge is bordered with a plaiting, over which falls the skirt, cut out in square blocks, and showing the plaitings between. Mauve silks, with braid worked with white jet, are very effective made in this style.

NEW PARASOLS.

The new parasols, or rather sunshades, are very large, measuring from twenty-two to twenty-four inches. The best are covered either with soft twilled India silk or with shaded Venetian silks. The sticks are very light; those made of horn in imitation of amber are much admired; smoked pearl tops are also pretty. Dressy parasols are covered with black silk, embroidered with jet, and edged with jet fringe; for carriage use there are lace-covered parasols, with ivory or coral sticks.

DRESSES FOR RACES.

The dresses prepared especially for races at the Maison Roger are extremely stylish. There is, first, the dress with three tunics, which consists of a skirt of dark blue faille, with a single plaited flounce in front and three flounces at the back; above the flounces there is a very long tunic, over which three small tunics fall, and all these being well looped upon the hips, form a charming drapery, which is fastened with a large bow. This pretty style requires a soft, pliable material. The dress I am describing is made of a sort of Sicilienne, but infinitely lighter in texture than the winter Sicilienne; it is pearl-grey in colour, and there is a plaiting of the same material all round each tunic, and between each tunic a cross-band of dark blue Sicilienne. The bodice is grey, with the exception of the sleeves, which are blue. A small grey pelerine is worn with the costume, and trimmed with feathers to match. The top of this pelerine is a straight Charles IX. collar, lined with blue. It is fastened in front with a silver agrafe.

Another style for a simple costume consists of écru mohair, trimmed with bands of brown feathers. The tunic is long in front, and clings closely to the figure, but is short at the back. The pouf is fastened up with an agrafe, composed of two mother-of-pearl buttons, linked together with a silver chain. Double-breasted bodice of grey mohair, with cape lined with blue and bordered with brown feathers. Brown sash at the back above the sash.

These feather trimmings are exceedingly popular. They are made to match dresses of almost every colour, and occasionally are varied with bands of cock's feathers and bands of peacock feathers. The small colibri pelerines, made of either coffee-colour or grey vicugna, bordered with ostrich feathers, and with a gros grain ribbon bow at the back, are very suitable and tasteful confections for summer wear, and particularly over écru cambric dresses.

MOUNTING A HORSE WITHOUT ASSISTANCE.

"Will any one tell me how a lady can mount without assistance?" asks "Interpreter" in the *Queen*, and one who seems to know replies as follows: "Interpreter" had better not attempt mounting without assistance, if her mount is to be anything higher than a Welsh, Shetland, or Exmoor pony. The reasons are obvious. In the first place no horse but a completely worn-out one—no horse, in short, worth riding—can always be depended upon to stand perfectly quiet while a lady ascends to the saddle; therefore there should be a man with him. A really good groom can easily put a lady upon her saddle while he holds her horse, by slipping his left arm through the near-side snaffle rein, provided the horse is very quiet and docile; if not, it is highly dangerous to attempt. If the lady is a very good rider, having therefore fine hands, and has only one man to bring her horse to the door, she should shorten the snaffle reins until she has such a light equal feeling on both sides of the horse's mouth as will prevent his moving forward, while she springs nimbly from the ground to the saddle. But as soon as the attendant has put her foot in the stirrup, he should place himself again in front of the horse's head, and hold it steadily while the lady adjusts her habit. In ordinary cases, and especially in those of a high-couraged horse, there should be always one person to hold the horse while another puts the lady up. I know many women who can vault upon a horse, or get on one from a high mounting block, without assistance from a man; but with a single exception these women are all professional circus riders. Even these never attempt the feat when wearing a habit and trousers, or upon anything but a "trick" saddle—they being dressed in short skirts and trick saddle get-up, which enables them to jump through a hoop or over a sheet. Even then, as "Interpreter" may see in any circus, the horse's head is securly fastened to the surcingle which goes around the saddle. Proficiency in such acrobatic tricks—which are indeed part of a profession—can only be acquired by years of constant practice, joined to great natural flexibility of form and great natural aptitude; and I have no hesitation in saying that if "Interpreter" attempts any such feat as vaulting upon a horse unassisted by a man, and that a man well up to his business, she will run great risk of a broken or dislocated limb, or spinal injury, any of which may cause her bitterly to repent her temerity for the rest of her life.

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Shrubberies are now gay with early rhododendrons, Ghent azaleas, berberises of different kinds, scarlet and common May; masses of blue iris, and other herbaceous plants, also set them off to advantage. Spring flower gardens are yet brilliant with heartsease, trollluses, daisies, alyssums, iberises, wall-flowers, saxifrages, tulips, and various other plants. Preparation should now be made for bedding plants. Although many persons are reluctant to remove the fading beauty of spring for the more gaudy display of summer, unless this is now done, summer droughts may overtake late-planted beds before their occupants get established. Indeed, in sheltered warm situations pelargoniums have already been planted out. Flower-beds should now be edged with gazania, variegated arabis, Japan honeysuckle, and dwarf variegated grasses; violas should be divided and planted, and likewise such plants as were divided and transplanted into nursery lines in February and March. Polyanthuses should be divided and planted in lines, the soil for their reception having previously been enriched with fresh loam. Early spring flowering violets should be lifted, the offsets separated from the parents, and transplanted in lines 12 inches apart, a handful of sandy soil being placed around each root. Sweet peas, tropæolums, and other annuals raised from seed in beds, wall-borders, or in boxes in frames, should now be planted out permanently.

GREENHOUSES AND STOVES.

Conservatories are now gay with azaleas. In order to prolong their beauty, they should be carefully shaded from bright sunshine. New Zealand plants, such as boronias, epacrises, pimeleas, tremandras, everlastings, &c., should be neatly staked. These, as well as heaths, occupy the coolest and most airy part of the conservatory. All plants in active growth should receive plenty of water; and those done flowering should be freely syringed, and have the benefit of a little artificial heat and shade. Azaleas, rhododendrons, &c., done flowering, should be re-potted, pressing the soil rather firmly in the pots. Soft-wooded plants, such as colsias and balsams, should not be allowed to receive any check from underpotting, but should have plenty of root room whilst growing; a little bottom-heat and air being given them at the same time, also a little manure water. When it is desired to retard the flowering of balsams, the flower-buds should be picked off as they appear, until say a short time before they are required for use. A few balsam seeds should also be sown in pans in gentle heat; as soon as the young plants appear, they should be placed near the glass, and when fit to handle should be potted off singly. Humeas required for conservatory decorations should have now received their last shift, using for the purpose a compost of loam and well-decomposed manure. Orchids making growth should have plenty of water, and such as are in flower should be removed into a drier house than that in which they have been growing. Ferns should be kept well shaded; paths, stages, and walls being kept moist by means of frequent sprinklings of water.

PITS AND FRAMES.

Polyanthuses, pansies, and auriculas should now be raised from seed in cold frames, in boxes or pans. Cinerarias and primulas should also be raised from seed sown in gentle heat. Auriculas done blooming and kept in frames should have the sashes removed; some may also be placed out on sheltered situations. The seed vessels of all, if seeds are not wanted, should be removed. Seedling cyclamens should be kept near the glass in a moderately warm emperature; old plants producing seed should be placed on shelves close to the glass in cool houses; some of the others should be placed in cool, shady frames, or on a bed covered with ashes behind a north wall. Stocks should be repotted; the best of the single ones being kept for seed.

HARDY FLOWERS.

A mild and genial April has been succeeded by extremely cold weather—so cold, in fact, as to more resemble winter than May—and hardy flowers, many of which looked so promising have received a severe check, and, in many cases, the bloom has been completely destroyed. Several large tufts of dielytra (dicentra) spectabilis, which a few weeks ago looked flourishing, have been completely denuded of both flowers and foliage by the severe frosts and cutting winds. To have this plant in fine condition, indeed, it is desirable to plant it in a warm sheltered spot, such as at the foot of a wall. The flowers of that favourite old plant gentiana acaulis have also suffered much, and so has those with many varieties of iris. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, however, there are a good number of attractive hardy plants at present in flower, conspicuous among them being the trolliuses, ranunculuses, alyssums, and the pretty lithospermum prostratum, which is now in its best condition. Absence of rain and cutting winds have, in many cases, prevented the planting out of annuals and biennials raised in pots; also the division of scarce perennials. Hardy perennials requiring stakes should be attended to, and the stock of spring-flowering plants, such as aubrietias, alyssums, &c., should, if necessary, be increased by means of cuttings, which root readily at this season. Sowings of annuals for successional blooming should also be made, and those already up should be thinned if necessary. Any rare plant which may be seeding should have the seeds gathered as soon as ready.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Cabbages, in a suitable condition for the table, are more esteemed in April and May than later in the season; therefore, any system or mode of culture that tends to hasten their maturity is worthy of consideration. From the 18th to the 25th of July has hitherto been generally considered the right time to sow the seed of the earliest crop for spring use, making, of course, some allowance for the degree of latitude in its relation to climate, a point to which I will refer more fully presently. During the last few years I have tested various varieties of cabbage, with the object of ascertaining the variety most suitable for early sowing. I need scarcely say that early sowing has much to do with early maturity; but most varieties, if sown too early, will, most assuredly, "bolt;" that is, they will run up into flower instead of forming hearts, especially if the winter is mild. For early sowing to stand the winter, the Enfield Market, according to my experience, is the most trustworthy. It rarely bolts prematurely, turns in quickly, is of fair size, and is in all respects a first-rate cabbage. Now, as regards sowing for early crops, I have no sympathy with the cultivator who fixes a certain day for the annual performance of a particular operation, and then sticks to it through thick and thin, without any regard to local conditions. On the other hand, however, much may be said in favour of punctuality, especially in sowing or planting crops that are required at a particular time. We usually make the first sowing of the Enfield Market from the 8th to the 12th of July, and by sowing a week or ten days earlier than is customary we gain frequently two or four weeks in spring, but then every variety will not stand it. The second sowing, which may include other varieties, should be made from the 18th to the 22nd; and a third sowing about the end of the month, to stand in the seed-bed till spring, as, if the weather is unusually severe, they are less affected by it, and may be easily sheltered. Although I have thus specified three periods for sowing, it does not follow that any large quantity of seed need be sown; every one will easily understand that this is a matter that must be entirely governed by the demand. In sowing the seeds, if the weather is dry in July, let the bed be thoroughly soaked with water previous to sowing. Cover with fine soil, and shade with netting, or something similar, till the plants appear. A sufficient number of the first sown should be pricked out as soon as they are large enough. Transplanting has a tendency to prevent overluxuriance, and its influence will be felt, as the season advances, in preventing undue growth or premature bolting. Plants so treated will be ready to plant out finally about the third week in September, and may appropriately follow the onion crop. If the land is in good heart, there is no necessity for digging or manuring. Simply hoe the surface over, draw rather deep drills 18 inches apart, and put the plants out in the drills, from 15 to 18 inches apart, with a dibble, planting firmly. The late crops may have more room allotted them. If the plants are strong, which in all probability they will be when put out, there is no occasion to water them, even if the weather is dry. A slight check from this cause at that season will do them no harm. An old market-garden friend, who was a successful early cabbage grower, frequently left his plants exposed on the surface of the ground several hours before planting them, his theory being that a check at that time was beneficial in preventing premature bolting. The plants from the second sowing may be put out in October; and the third sowing, as I have previously stated, may remain in the seed-bed till spring, as a precautionary measure. Wheeler's cocoanut cabbage is a capital one for sowing in spring for late summer use. It is not large, but very mild in flavour. One word more as to latitude, and its influence upon climates, in reference to seed-sowing. The dates I have given are such as I have found applicable to the midland districts, where the south, sow a few days later; and, in the north, five or six days earlier.—*The Garden.*

CONVERSATION.—"The conversation of old men of ability, before they have passed into the stage of imbecility," says Dr. Beard, "is usually richer and more instructive than the conversation of the young; for in conversation we simply distribute the treasures of memory, as a store hoarded during long years of thought and experience. Conversation is, therefore, justly regarded as the lightest form of intellectual labour, and grows easier as we grow older, because we have greater resources to draw from. He who thinks, as he converses, is a poor companion, as he who must earn his money before he spends any, is a poor man. When an aged millionaire makes a liberal donation, it costs him nothing; he but gives out of abundance that has resulted by natural accumulation from the labours of his youth and middle life. When an old man utters great thoughts, it is not age but youth that speaks through the lips of age; his ideas which, in their inception and birth, drew heavily on the productive powers of the brain, are refined, resolved, and disseminated almost without effort."

Nick-Nacks.

BOOK-KEEPING may be taught in a lesson of three words—never lend them.

THERE is one thing that don't mind pinching, and that is snuff.

NOTHING *tells on* a man so much as a gossiping wife.

A COUPLE of gentlemen strolling along a turnpike, came to a toll-bridge, and one of them said, "I wonder when that bridge was erected, and who built it?" "I don't know," responded the other, "but let's go over and we shall be tolled."

A LONELY man informed a friend that he was going to advertise for a wife, and should prefer a poor girl. "Take the first one that responds to your advertisement," said the friend, "and you'll be pretty sure to have a real poor one."

A STINGY husband tried to lay the blame of the ill behaviour of his children, in company, on his wife, saying that she always gave them their own way. "Poor things! it's all I have to give them," was the prompt reply.

"No fashionable lady ever goes to bed without first looking in her glass," said a gentleman. "And no fashionable gentleman ever goes to bed without first drinking out of his," retorted a lady.

Two rival belles meeting at a fashionable party, one said to the other: "How well you look under the *candle* light!" "How very charming you are in the *dark!*" retorted the other.

A MAN in Boston was so delighted the other day on learning that his baby had a tooth, that he got confused, fell over a chair, and knocked out two of his own. If that happy parent keeps on in that way, by the time his baby gets all of its teeth he will have knocked all of his own out, and will have to subsist on spoon-victuals and gum-drops.

ON the London Stock Exchange Egyptian bonds are called "Mummies." Turkish six per cents. are "Muttons," because the loan was issued on the security of the sheep-tax. American five-twenty bonds are "Greens." New bank shares are "Babies." North Staffordshire railway shares are "Potts," because the line runs through the potteries. The shares of the South-Eastern railway are "Dovers." The shares of the Great Northern are "Yorks." Those of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, of the North-Eastern, and of the London and North-Western, are "Leeds," "Berwicks," and "Brums;" and, upon the same principle, British-Indian Extension telegraph shares are "Singapores." Hardly any stock passes on 'Change by its own name.

ONE of the funniest duels on record was that in which Sainte-Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly after he had taken up his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with the left hand while holding the pistol in his right. The expostulations of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It is all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist, "but I object to catching a cold in my head." There is a droll story about Perpignan, a literary Bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former having fired, and contrived to miss, the other, taking a deliberate aim, said to his antagonist: "Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are thinking of?" "I'm thinking that if I were in your place I would not fire," said Perpignan; and he owed his life to his presence of mind.

HIGH-TEMPERED OLD GENTLEMAN.—"Do you mean to say, waiter, that you can't supply me with a toothpick?" Waiter: "Well, no; we used to keep 'em, but the gents 'most allus took 'em away with 'em when they'd done with 'em."

A MAN seeing his little daughter dipping her doll-baby's dress into a tin cup inquired, "What are you doing, my child?" "I'm dipping dolly's dress in this beer to colour it red." "Why, you can't colour it red with beer." "Oh, yes, I can, papa, 'cause mamma says it's beer that makes your nose so red."

AN illiterate person, in speaking of a certain man's curiosity, repeatedly pronounced the word *curosity*, whereat a gentleman remarked to another, "How horribly that man murders the English language!" "Oh, no," was the reply, "he does not murder it; he only knocks an i out."

A YOUNG Irishman in the employment of a veterinary surgeon was considerably chaffed on one occasion by some young friends with whom he was passing the evening. At last one witty fellow asked him what he would do if a horse with broken wind was brought to him to be cured. "Faith," said he, after a short pause, "I'd advise his owner to get rid of him as soon as he could."

A POPULAR German song just now runs as follows: "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, you know we'll do whate'er you please. We'll promise to renounce the sin of Bourbon, brandy, rum, and gin; and go so far as to refrain (except when tempted) from champagne; but have some mercy, do my dear, and leave, oh! leave us lager beer!"

A LADY of Washington county is mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather diminutive. A few days after the birth of the youngest, not long since, a little nicce of the lady called to see the baby. After looking at the tiny specimen for a few minutes, the little girl said, "Aunt Maria, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

"WELL, aunty, what is your thochts about marryin'?" said a young lassie of seventeen one day to a decent spinister, who had reached the shady side of life without committing matrimony. "Deed, lassie," frankly replied her relative, "I hae had but three thochts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the langest. First when I was young, like yoursel', I thocht, 'Wha'll I tak?' then as time began to wear by I began to think, "Wha'll I get?' an' after I got my leg broken wi' that whumel oot o' Saunders M'Drouthie's cart, my thocht syne was, 'Wha'll tak me?' and I doot I'll hae to think the same thocht till I gang to my grave, unless something happens mair by ordinar."—*Book of Scottish Anecdote.*

"I'LL no deny, sir," said an old man to a temperance advocate, who was endeavouring to induce him to adopt his principles, "I'll no deny, sir, but that whisky is a bad thing, specially bad whisky!"

A QUARRELSOME couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.

A MARRIED lady with a family, who lived in a villa in the environs of Ayr, was asked why she was at the expense of keeping a cow, seeing that it would surely be much cheaper to buy milk for the household. "Well," said she in reply, "we keep the cow because we have a field quite at hand, which answers very nicely." "But," was the rejoinder, "why do you rent the field?" The answer was, "Because, you know, we have got the cow!"

Slave Hunting in Trees.

I had two men with me armed with rifles, the companion of Sheik Omar, Almas, and a Moghrebin servant. The former became the hero of the day, although happily he was a very indifferent shot. The latter frightened the poor denizens of the trees not a little by his continuous crackling, otherwise he seldom hits even at close range and large objects. There was no want of malice on the part of either. An appeal to their heart was without effect, and my authority over them was not complete enough to hinder them by simple command from participating in this shameless hunt of human beings. Everything is permitted to the honest Musulman toward the "accursed heathen" who refuse to recognise his authority. And a disgraceful human hunt it was. The heathen natives remained quiet on their trees, throwing their harmless reeds from time to time, and fixed to one place, a safe target for the huntsmen below. Missing shots only drew from them and their women a shout of triumph. Shooting partridges is not more dangerous, and requires no more manly courage than this hunting down the people of Kimre. One of the trees first surrounded concealed the first victims. From the height of his "bower" a tall young man, covered mostly by his shield, encouraged the women by loud acclamations, threw his childish reeds, when he suddenly, hit by Elmas, sank down without uttering a sound. Not an exclamation of pain was heard from the thickly inhabited tree. Soon a second victim followed, overtaken by a shot from Almas's rifle, between the branches, to which the mortally wounded man clung desperately. His death struggles loosened his hands, and the poor wretch fell from a height of forty to fifty feet, a lifeless mass, to the ground. Only then the martial spirit of the cowardly multitude showed itself in disgusting bestiality. Everybody, Bagirmi, and heathen, rushed upon the dead or wounded man, and cut him literally to shreds. A third young man Almas wounded in the thigh, and only after he had mounted, with the assistance of his friends, into the highest storey of the tree—the blood running plentifully down the grayish-white bark—only then the besiegers dared to mount the tree; and soon the fat goats and dogs (a favourite food of the country), the sheep and fowls, were thrown or carried down. The better armed followed the inhabitants into the higher regions; and after they had thrown down the dead and severely wounded to their companions for the exercise of their savage inclinations, they tried to capture the women and children, who had fled into the highest tree tops. Two young men, hardly emerged from boyhood, who offered a certain amount of resistance, which was, however, more of a passive nature, were dragged and pulled by the feet, till at last, in despair, they let go their hold, falling from the giddy height, from branch to branch, to the ground, where it was impossible to see whether they had been killed by the fall, so quickly did the savages standing below fall upon them, tear out their entrails, and hack and cut them to pieces. The remainder of the occupants of the tree, women and children, were bound above, and lowered, to be conducted into slavery. A single tree was really conquered, that is, gradually mounted by the besiegers, and so taken. But it was being defended by only two men, who, perhaps discouraged by the sad fate just recounted of the neighbouring tree, did not employ sufficient energy in its defence. At last the tree inhabited by the chief of the place was discovered. The smaller domestic animals were in a lower storey, and a young man had taken up his position in the usual bower-like space. He defended his region well, and with lance and golio prevented the besiegers, who had mounted the lowest storey, from climbing higher, and succeeded in foiling all their attempts at setting fire to the straw buildings. All the remaining powder and shot were wasted on this tree; all the men armed with rifles stood round it, and fired at him as if at a target. But it seemed as if the chief were in the especial keeping of Providence; perhaps a hundred shots were fired at him, and not one missile hit him or his family. Even Almas failed, although the chief, with two women and four little children, sat almost unprotected in the place where three large branches divided, and from thence threw reeds, and sometimes a javelin. At last the man in the bower was wounded and retired to a higher storey, so that the besiegers were likewise enabled to mount higher. Then the chief sent the two women and the four little children further aloft, and I could not admire enough the *sang-froid* and calm with which the retreat was effected, encumbered as it was by the helplessness of the little creatures. The shots fell like hail round about the unprotected courageous beings, who, as if by a wonder, reached the leafy top of the tree unhurt. Powder and shot, which are scarce in those regions, were at last exhausted on this tree, and the besiegers had to desist from the attempt to conquer it, so very courageous and energetic was the bearing of the chief and his wounded companion. My heart leaped for joy, and scornfully I refused the loan of my Snider carbine to my host, making no secret of my disgust at such an inglorious, unmanly hunt, so free from danger, of women and children. My words, however, found nowhere a response, nor were they understood, but rather tended to arouse suspicion and spite against me. I knew well enough that in Mahommedans every sentiment of humanity is stifled with regard to people who refuse to be converted to Islamism or to pay tribute, and I had not expected to find such a degree of savagery in the heathen brethren of the pursued.

The total result of the expedition consisted in perhaps forty slaves and seven or eight dead, which almost all fell victims to Almas's rifle.—*Harper's Monthly.*

The St. Gothard Road.

From Andermatt, through its high, cold, sunny valley, into rugged little Hospenthal, and then up the last stages of the ascent. From here the road was all new to me. Among the summits of the various Alpine passes there is little to choose. You wind and double slowly into keener cold and deeper stillness; you put on your overcoat and turn up the collar; you count the nestling snow patches, and then you cease to count them; you pause, as you trudge before the lumbering coach, and listen to the last-heard cow bell tinkling away below you, in kindlier herbage. The sky was tremendously blue, and the little stunted bushes, on the snow-streaked-slopes, were all dyed with autumnal purples and crimsons. It was a great piece of colour. Purple and crimson, too, though not so fine, were the faces thrust out at us from the greasy little double casements of a barrack beside the road, where the horses paused before the last pull. There was one little girl in particular, beginning to *lisser* her hair, as civilisation approached, in a manner not to be described, with her poor little blue-black hands. At the summit there are the two usual grim little stone taverns, the steel-blue tarn, the snow-white peaks, the pause in the cold sunshine. Then we began to rattle down, with two horses. In five minutes we were swinging along the famous zigzags. Engineer, driver, horses—it's very handsomely done by all of them. The road curves and curls, twists and plunges, like the tail of a kite; sitting perched in the banquette, you see it making below you, in mid air, certain bold gyrations, which bring you as near as possible, short of the actual experience, to the philosophy of that immortal Irishman who wished that his fall from the housetop would only last. But the zigzags last no more than Paddy's fall, and in due time we were all coming to our senses over *café au lait* in the little inn at Faido. After Faido, the valley, plunging deeper, began to take thick afternoon shadows from the hills, and at Airolo we were fairly in the twilight. But the pink and yellow houses shimmered through the gentle gloom, and Italy began in broken syllables to whisper that she was at hand. For the rest of the way to Bellinzona her voice was muffled in the gray of evening, and I was half vexed to lose the charming sight of the changing vegetation; but only half vexed, for the moon was climbing all the while nearer the edge of the crags which overshadowed us, and a thin, magical light came trickling down into the winding, murmuring gorges. It was a most enchanting ride. The chestnut trees loomed up with double their daylight stature; the vines began to swing their low festoons like nets to trip up the fairies. At last the ruined towers of Bellinzona stood gleaming in the moonshine, and we rattled into the great post yard. It was eleven o'clock, and I had risen at four; moonshine apart, I was not sorry.

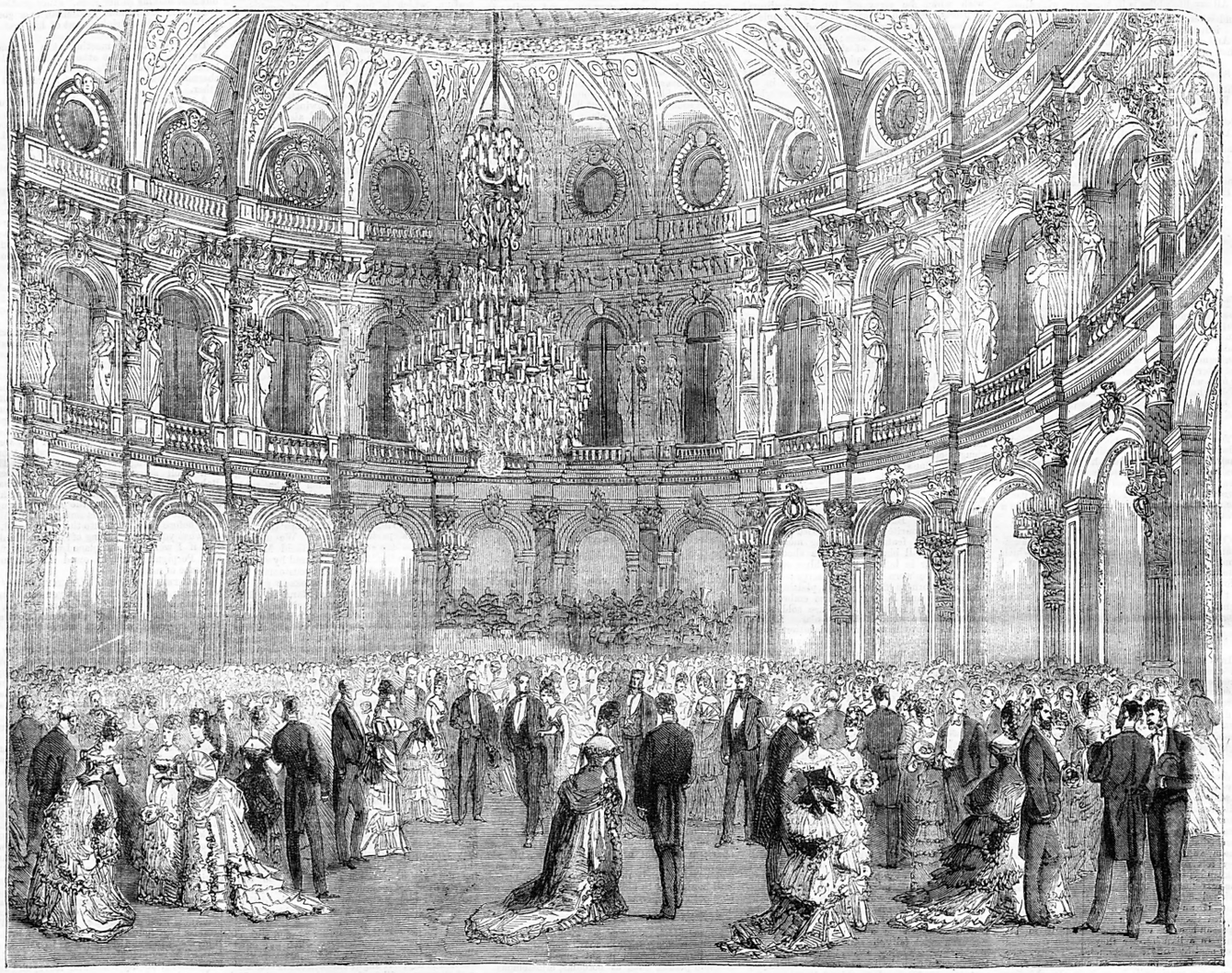
All that was very well; but the drive next day from Bellinzona to Como is to my mind what gives its supreme beauty to the St. Gothard-road. One can't describe the beauty of the Italian lakes, nor would one try if one could; the floweriest rhetoric can recall it only as a picture on a fire-board recalls a Claude. . . . But it lay spread before me for a whole perfect day—in the long gleam of Lago Maggiore, from whose head the diligence swerves away, and begins to climb the bosky hills which divide it from Lugano; in the shimmering, melting azure of the Italian Alps; in the luxurious tangle of nature and the familiar picturesqueness of man; in the lawn-like slopes, where the great grouped chestnuts make so cool a shadow in so warm a light; in the rusty vineyards, the littered corn fields, and the tawdry wayside shrines. But, most of all, it's the deep yellow light which enchants you and tells you where you are. See it come filtering down through a vine-covered trellis on the red handkerchief with which a ragged *contadina* has bound her hair, and all the magic of Italy, to the eye, seems to make an aureole about the poor girl's head. Look at a brown-breasted reaper eating his chunk of black bread under a spreading chestnut; nowhere is shadow so charming, nowhere is colour so charged, nowhere is accident so picturesque. The whole drive to Lugano was one long loveliness, and the town itself is admirably Italian.

Education on Both Hands.

A writer in the *Scientific American* has made out a very strong case in favour of ambidexterity. "Why should not a child be taught to write and draw with both hands?" asks the writer. "It would take but little if any more time; and if it did, it would only keep him busy during moments which he would otherwise devote to idleness or mischief. The acquisition would never be worthless, and it might be of immense convenience to him. He might never have occasion to use his double capacity after the fashion of the popular scientist and teacher, Professor Edward S. Morse, whose two-handed blackboard sketches are such a delight to his auditors, and who is said to pursue his microscopic studies with a pen at one side and a pencil at the other, drawing with one hand and writing with the other; nevertheless his twofold skill would ever be a possible source of satisfaction and advantage to him. He would be free at any moment to rest a hand exhausted by protracted use, without any interruption of his work; he would be less likely to be disabled by trifling hurts; and in case one hand were stiffened by heavy labour, the other might be kept in readiness for delicate manipulations, for writing, drafting, and the like. The right-handed man who can use a hammer or a knife readily with his left hand, or can tie or untie a knot when his right hand is otherwise engaged, will find frequent use for his skill. Indeed, the advantages we miss through the neglect of the left hand are infinite in number and of incessant recurrence. They are among the taxes we pay to custom. Why not, then, train children to employ both hands equally?"

Sinking Ship Horrors.

Two of the passengers (Chilians) who were on board the ill-fated steamship Tacna when it foundered at sea, have addressed a statement to the Santiago periodicals which shows the suddenness of the fatal occurrence, and how little prepared for it the passengers were. They say: "We escaped from our cabins, warned of our danger by the position of the vessel, which tilted us out of our berths. Cries for help resounded on every side. Some were trying to gain the upper deck by climbing over the fodder; further on a group were kneeling in prayer; others were trying to effect an escape from their cabins, the doors being blocked by the deck cargo; not a single voice of encouragement was heard, nor any help from the crew. On the contrary, there was a general *sauve qui peut*. Fifteen or 16 precipated themselves into the gig. Whose duty it was to let the boat down into the water we do not know; but either the ropes gave way, or somebody, afraid that the steamer would carry us down with her, cut them, and the boat turned over as she fell, striking the side of the steamer. Then began a hopeless struggle for life among the victims. While one or another of us rose above or disappeared beneath the surface, it will scarcely be credited, but a boat manned by some of the crew passed leisurely by, disregarding our cries for assistance. A few minutes more and four only remained on the surface of the waves, two supported by a bundle of hay, one by the boat that was swamped, and one, Gomez Zaldivar, holding on to a rope hanging from the side of the Tacna. Zaldivar attempted to get on board the vessel once more, and succeeded at last in his object. The Tacna, already abandoned, afforded but little space unsubmerged, and from the main cabin confused and piercing cries came from those who were unable to leave their cabins through the obstruction of the water and deck cargo. Zaldivar contemplated with despair the terrible scene around him, and, preferring to trust himself to the waves rather than remain surrounded with such horrors, threw himself again into the water." All four were saved by the life-boat and placed in the gig when she had been righted.



LONDON BALL IN THE SEASON.